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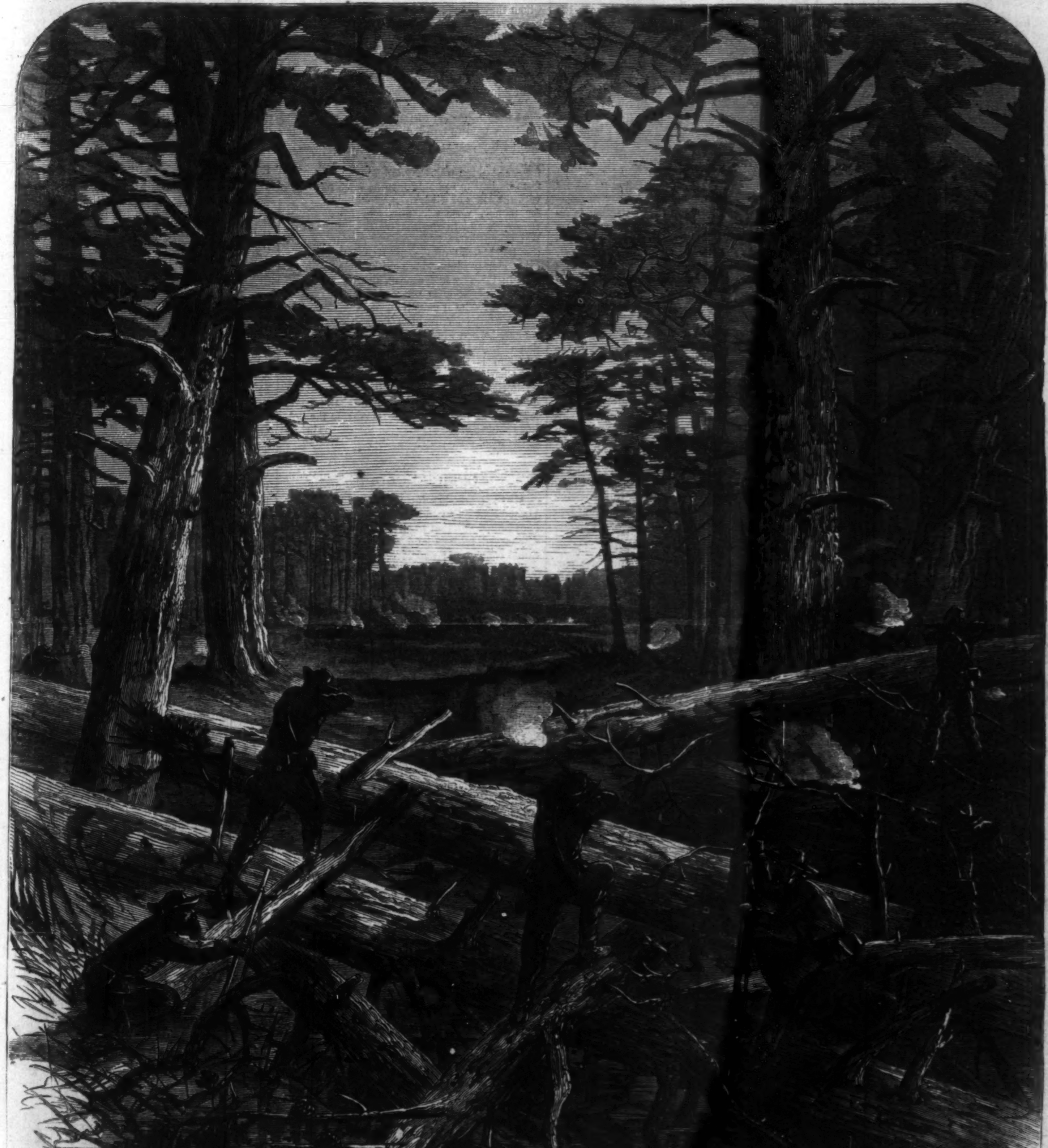


SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA—ROAD AT THE SWAMP CROSSINGS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 133.]

THE OLD SOLDIER'S REWARD.

I saw, beyond the years to be,
An old man bending low
Above a book—a history
Of glory and of woe;
His pale lips moved without a sound,
He neither sighed nor smiled,
And one thin arm was twined around
A sunny, silent child.

Page after page he read and turned,
And many a pause made he,
As if the meaning was inurned
In some dim memory;
For though the deeds he read were wrought
By help of his right hand,
They came as slowly to his thought
As from the spirit land.

"My boy," he said at length, "this page
Must have been writ for me;
I just remember it; an age
Ago it seems to be.
'A sergeant took the flag and ran
A rod before his men:'
My boy, I was that very man;
I see it all again.

"And here: 'The horses all were killed,
And every man but one;
The grape-shot failed; he quickly filled
A gun with peeble stone,
And fired point-blank below the smoke
Into the rebel line,
And thinned it so it turned and broke:'
My boy, that shot was mine.

"Again: 'They rushed through mist and rain
Up to the clear blue sky;
The wounded hushed their groans of pain
As 'twere a joy to die
So near to God!' I lay that night
Beneath the stars that stood
High over Lookout's silent height,
Reflected in my blood.

"And here, and here: I never thought
My deeds would find a pen.
I only for my country fought
Along with other men:
It must have been because I took
No thought of history.
The generous man who wrote this book
Has put down much for me.

"The hills, my boy, are white with snow;
I feel the creeping cold;
I hear another bugle blow
Than that I heard of old.
It calls me; I must go—good-by!
The book has paid for all:"
And then he bowed without a sigh
And answered to the call.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 4, 1865.

SHERMAN'S TRUE VICTORY.

When General Sherman marched from Atlanta one of the leading rebel papers in Richmond said that even if he pushed through to the coast it was of no importance. He may succeed in traversing the State, it said, but it will be as an arrow passes through the air, without wounding it or leaving a trace of its passage.

In commenting upon this statement, which was superficially true, we ventured to suggest that the moral consequences of such a success had been entirely overlooked. Has it not proved so? When Sherman arrived at Savannah and occupied it, was there not a general conviction that the rebellion had received a death-blow? He had not fought a battle upon the way. The march was an agreeable journey. The fields were full. The people did not oppose him. The climate was soft. There was nothing of war but the military array. Yet from the mo[illegible] the national flag appeared over Savannah the heart of the rebellion has been broken.

The reason is obvious. If there are two wrestlers, and one suddenly ascertains that two steps behind his opponent is a yawning gulf, and the opponent learns at the same moment that it is known to his adversary, the contest is virtually over. The combatants seem to stand as erect and sturdy as ever. But the conscious mind of one has relaxed his muscles. His heart is conquered, and his hand succumbs. So the rebellion has maintained a saucy front. "The South" was one man. "The South" was eager to die in the last ditch. "The South" would gladly destroy its homes and property to paralyze the Yankee invader. "The South" might be overrun, but would never be conquered. So long as this was every where believed, it imparted a factitious strength to the whole movement. It gave it that moral force which is the most powerful of all auxiliaries.

And it is directly at that moral force that Sherman's campaign strikes. His smooth and unresisted march from Atlanta to Savannah, from Savannah to Columbia, undeceives the country, Europe, and the rebels themselves. It has shown that they are *not* one man; that they are *not* eager for the last ditch; that they will *not* do to thwart the Yankees what Holland did to thwart France; that they will be overrun and *can* be conquered. When General Lee speaks of the universal despondency; when Judah Benjamin says that there is very great danger; when Davis and Hunter seek frantically to fire the Southern heart with a wretched trick; when every rebel paper confesses the universal gloom; and one of them, speaking for all, says, frankly: "The people are not whipped but cowed. Their souls and not their hands are disarmed. Our strength is not sapped, but our courage is oozing out at the ends of our fingers;" and when Earl Russell suddenly discovers that he is not surprised that the Government of the United States is irritated by raids from Canada and rams from English ports; we behold the moral victory of Sherman's campaign: we see that his march was not an arrow harmlessly piercing the air, but a needle forcing the fluid to crystallize.

Sherman has exposed the mask and the brag of the rebellion. Rebel gascons will boast, but he has taught us the exact value of gasconade. "Let the foe meet resistance unto death!" shouts Megrath, the Governor of South Carolina. "Sherman will find a lion in his path," says the Richmond *Examiner*, "Beauregard is in his front." "Long before Columbia falls," says the Columbia *Carolinian* of February 12, "we look for a battle and a victory commensurate in its consequences with the great interests now at stake, one which will prove that 'God is fighting by our side, although with visor down,' and that he has vouchsafed to Carolina the proud privilege of closing as she began this war—in triumph." Five days afterward Columbia was occupied by Sherman. The lion Beauregard stole away; and the ludicrous newspaper, which asked "what reason is there to anticipate an immediate advance upon Columbia: we can recall none, to believe it is contrary to common sense," had no sooner spoken than Sherman arrived.

The wretched bluster of the rebellion is relentlessly ridiculed by General Sherman. The same Mobile *Register* which now says that "the people [the rebels] are not whipped but cowed, their souls but not their hands are disarmed," said four years ago: "If the war lasts five years the terms of peace will be dictated at the gates of Boston. But the war will not last so long. The day is not far distant when the North will sue for peace. Until it does the policy as well as the will of the South is to give them war to their hearts' content, war to the knife and to the hilt." "White slaves," said another of these pleasing sheets, "peddling wretches, small-change knaves and vagrants, the dregs and off-scourings of the populace—these are the levied forces whom Lincoln suddenly arrays as candidates for the honor of being slaughtered by gentlemen such as Mobile sent to battle yesterday. Let them come South and we will put our negroes to the dirty work of killing them. But they will not come South. Not a wretch of them will live on this side of the border longer than it will take us to reach the ground and drive them over." The Charleston *Mercury* at the same time exclaimed: "The miserable fanatics and charlatans at Washington are pursuing the very course of policy we most earnestly desire them to pursue." The Charleston *Mercury* now says: "Our paper is suspended with a view to its temporary removal to another point. This is rendered necessary by the progress of military events."

In such a wild yell of contempt for freemen this rebellion against a popular government began. By such passionate falsehoods and appeals the mind of the Southern people was inflamed. By such frenzied rhetoric they have been bewildered and stimulated since the first shot was fired. The exposure of this enormous deceit is part of the true victory of Sherman. He subdues the mind of the rebellious section by enlightening it. The people of the South, sedulously kept in ignorance both of the character and spirit of the people of the North by these miserable leaders, will learn first to respect Northern valor and persistence, and then to estimate and esteem Northern intelligence. They will learn that there is no vindictiveness in the Northern heart; that it is fixed only, but fixed immutably and forever, upon Union and Liberty, and they will see that their own happiness as well as the national glory are inseparable from that aim.

CHARLESTON.

That Charleston should fall was inevitable. That Charleston should fall without a blow was inconceivable. The South Carolinians have always boasted more of "honor" than any Americans. The Charlestonians always accounted themselves the most chivalric of Carolinians. Do the rebel chiefs who have dragged their fellow-citizens into this insurrection mean to leave us without any respect for their own consistency with their own foolish code? If there were any point of honor whatever in this wretched rebellion it was the defense of the cradle of secession and treason. If there were any possible last ditch it was the streets of Charleston. If we might expect to find any where that passionate and heroic devotion of which we have heard for long years the loud bluster, it was in the city where four years ago men and women of every age crowded balconies, housetops, and windows to watch exulting traitors firing upon the little garrison of Sumter, whose steady endurance typified that of the nation that placed it there.

It was a strange scene on that April day four years ago. The spectators cheered and wept for joy, and the merry bells rang, when the flag of their country fell for the first time, shot down by its own children. Did the spectators of that day remember it when at last that flag returned triumphant? Over how much bitter agony, through what seas of costly blood, across what blighted hopes and ruined lives it returned; but also over the desolation of Carolinian homes which Carolina has wrought; over the wide waste of fortunes which Carolina has destroyed; over the treacherous doctrine of State supremacy which Carolina has hugged snake-like to her breast; over the relics of slavery which Carolina has abolished. The old flag returns. Peace, union, and prosperity are the benedictions it imparts. Those who see its coming, those who have hated it as the symbol of equal rights and universal justice and popular government, those who have fostered this huge monster of rebellion until now it turns and rends them, may flout and refuse its blessings. But the people whom they have fooled; the people whom they have kept ignorant, degraded, and prejudiced; the people of whose political rights that flag is the symbol, will gradually hail it as benighted outcasts hail the dawn.

The fall of Charleston can bring no exultation to any loyal citizen. It has been considered, indeed, the special seat of rebellion. It has always been a nursery of treason. Its "society" has been held to be peculiarly aristocratic. It has led Newport and Saratoga by the nose. Its swagger has passed for elegance; its insolence for ease. Men who were not enough redeemed from barbarism to honor men as men, and who with the kings of wild Africa sold human beings for money, were accounted "gentlemen" in Broadway and in the shadow of Bunker Hill. But that illusion is long since dissolved; and the ignoble fall of the little Corinth of their pride merely shows how poor is their manhood who in this day and country despise men, and how contemptible is the "chivalry" that will not die for what it calls its dearest honor.

We shall hear, perhaps, from Richmond, as we heard when Vicksburg, Atlanta, and Savannah fell, that it is of no importance; that the rebellion is really stronger without Columbia and Charleston. But if in its chief cities, in its territories, and in its population, we are not to look for "the Confederacy," where shall we find it? In the gloomy will of Davis; in the hollow rhetoric of Benjamin; in the sharp shrieks of the rebel press;—where else?

OFFICE-HOLDING.

Mr. Wilson has introduced a bill into the United States Senate recommending the preference in appointment to civil office of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who shall be found competent; and Mr. Gleason has made a similar proposition in the State Senate of New York. The report which accompanies Mr. Wilson's bill states the prayer of many petitions to be that the tenure of office may be for life or good behavior.

The wisdom of the selection of a special class for preference in the public service may be fairly disputed. That any class should be authorized to feel a right to office and a consequent right to demand it may very easily prove to be a practical misfortune. It seems to us that the true principle in the matter is the recognition of the equal claim of all loyal citizens who are honest and competent. For it is hardly to be assumed that all those who have been engaged in active service are more earnestly patriotic than many and many who have not; and the tendency of such discrimination is to a kind of jealousy which is always better avoided if possible.

The feeling of respect and sympathy for the soldiers and sailors from which the proposal springs is genuine and honorable. It is, indeed, universal. The feeling of no nation toward its army and navy was ever before what ours is; and for the plain reason that they are in large part the nation itself volunteering. In every way the tender solicitude of the country has been expressed, and it will continue to be so. And this is so sure to be the case that the object of the recommendation or bill would equally be attained without it, while the advantage derived by such an expression by Congress of respect and gratitude to the army and navy is destroyed by the mischief of an expression of Congressional preference for a class. It is precisely one of those things which should be left to the sympathy and good sense of the country. They may be fully trusted. The honorably discharged soldier and sailor is as sure of substantial gratitude as the country is of his substantial service.

The resolutions reported by the Committee of the Senate do not recommend that the tenure of the office should be life or good behavior. But that is a recommendation which we hope to see made in regard to all ministerial offices, and enforced by law. The inconveniences and perils of the national elections would be in large part removed, if every department of the administration were not pulled up by the roots every four years. The utter demoralization springing from our foolish whim of rotation in office is known to every man. The consequence of the system is that the most practical of people renounce their common sense in dealing with the most important affairs. No merchant would think of making a man his book-keeper because he was a clever blacksmith, nor intrust a momentous suit at law to a good physician. If a successful trader wishes a captain for his ship, he requires knowledge, seamanship, experience. If a gentleman hires a gardener, he expects familiarity with plants, hot-houses, and soils. No man would employ a coachman who did not understand how to take charge of horses—and yet the same man would recommend an applicant to a public office who was as unfit for it as a man who only speaks Chinese to teach an infant school in New York.

The money that would be saved to the people; the greater ease and method and puntuality with which the public work would be done; the dangers that would disappear from elections; the deeper and more permanent repose which would be imparted to the national character by a simple reform like this is incalculable.

Nor was there ever a more favorable moment for beginning the change of system than this. The President has been re-elected not by a party but by the country. The ordinary party reasons for the disastrous custom do not exist. The holders of office are as good friends of the policy of the Administration as those who are not. And if the only changes after the 4th of March should be those resulting from resignations, from dishonesty, disloyalty, or incapacity, the country would have an additional reason to honor the President and his policy.

"FILL UP THE ARMY."

"Hasten on recruiting to fill up the army," telegraphs Secretary Stanton to Governor Fenton, "and the rebellion must receive the final blow in this spring's campaign."

This call, with the rebel General Lee's official wail against despondency, should be enough to give General Grant the hundred thousand men for whom he asks to overthrow the military force of the rebellion.

Indeed, to the least sanguine observer the situation can not seem very unpromising. The whole Southwest is paralyzed. Sherman is approaching North Carolina in his triumphant circumnavigation of the rebellion, and Lee can not long remain absolutely inactive in Richmond. The increase of the national army now is the sure end of the matter. Whoever joins Grant or Sherman helps to secure the speedy and final victory. There must be thousands and thousands of active men who could not go for a long war, but who can go for a campaign which crowns the great work. We are not surprised to hear that enlistment was never more active. The larger the army the more hopeless will contention with it seem. Judah Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of State, declares that all the white force of the rebel section is exhausted. There is danger, great danger, he says, unless the slaves are armed.

Why should they not be exhausted? Their very souls are fatigued with treacherous deceit. Benjamin and Davis, and the rest, who now so desperately fan the expiring flame of ignorant exasperation against the Government, have deluded the people of the Southern States into a war in which they have been every where baffled. Every promise made to them has been broken. Every hope which allured them has been disappointed. Every vision of independence, of recognition, of prosperity, has faded utterly away. Like men drugged with poisoned wine who have been seduced into enlisting, and who have recovered to find themselves wretched, their families outcast, their homes destroyed, so the people of the Southern States were inflamed with falsehoods against the Government, the Union, and their Northern fellow-citizens, and are now awaking to discover how wantonly they have been deceived, and how terribly they are paying the penalty.

The more fully they are released from this thralldom the happier for us all; and the more rapidly the armies are recruited the speedier will be the release. The rebel cause suffers, says the Mobile *Register*, from a poverty of spirit to breast reverses and of fortitude to endure trials. It confesses that all hearts are darkened with gloom. Whose fault is it that they are so? That is a question which the rebel chiefs and rebel editors may well tremble to hear asked.

THE SEA-ISLAND ORDER.

The order of General Sherman, setting apart the sea-islands and a strip of coast for the freedmen, was sharply criticised until the minutes of the interview between Secretary Stanton, General Sherman, and the leaders of the colored men were published, when it was found that the General's order was the result of the best possible counsel.

General Butler, in criticising Sherman's order, repeats the well-known remark of Frederick Douglass, that the colored men wish merely to be let alone. Mr. Douglass means, of course, that they shall be suffered to take their chance with other people. But certainly one of the best ways of letting them alone, or suffering them to mind their own affairs, is to ascertain what, under certain circumstances, they wish to do—and following their suggestions. The proposition of Mr. Douglass is that white citizens shall not impose their whims upon black; and if any of the latter honestly wish to dc as the leaders at Savannah said, it is surely no offense in General Sherman that he promised them what they wished.

Supreme good sense is always the doing the best thing under the circumstances. Thus the Metropolitan police in the city of New York is not theoretically according to the popular system, which allows every community to take care of its own ordinary police. But no man in his senses would wish to return to the old system. It is an exceptional departure from the general law justified by circumstances. Nor is it very difficult to find a similar solution for General Sherman's order.

A man who has shown the remarkable sagacity of Sherman may be safely trusted to deal with new questions. It is clear that he will treat them all practically and not theoretically. His education as an old army officer, and his long residence in the South had undoubtedly made him skeptical of the heroism of the colored race, and possibly contemptuous of their capacity. But the moment he was brought in contact with them in the war, he looked at them and their condition exactly as they were. The slaves who followed his army in the march through Georgia were evidently no enemies of his, and his conference with the Savannah leaders, and his subsequent action, show how utterly free he is from any self-seeking or inhuman prejudice. The contrast of Sherman's conduct in this matter with the dull opacity of M'Clellan and Halleck is as striking as that of the military genius of the three men.

The order is temporary, of course. General Sherman has no power, nor would he wish to assume it, of finally separating one part of our population from another. For the present he is the virtual dictator, under the Government, of the section in which he is operating. His means are brute force. War, as he says, is cruel. It is arbitrary. But fortunately it is temporary. It is a very unnecessary labor to fall upon his order and rend it as inhuman and antiquated and aiming at an impossible separation. It is a wise expedient, like many of General Butler's acts in New Orleans.

Should Congress finally agree upon a Freedman's bill, the whole subject will be at once removed from the operation of any military order. And the object of such a bill will be to secure the letting alone of the emancipated slaves by considering the peculiarity of their position and saving them from the interference of white sharpers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

The military situation could not be more promising. General Sherman has accomplished his purpose in South Carolina. Charleston has fallen, and the rebel armies have fallen back on Charlotte, North Carolina. Sherman is pressing on in the same direction. Charleston was evacuated on the 18th. The same day Admiral Dahlgren took possession. General Lee assumed the command of all the rebel armies on the 9th.

Our foreign record is of peculiar interest. It is quite certain that both England and France will maintain the attitude of neutrals in relation to our civil war.

CONGRESS.

February 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, announced the death of Senator Hicks from that State. The customary resolutions of respect were passed. At 2 o'clock the corpse of the deceased was brought into the Chamber, and the funeral services of the Masonic Order were performed.

In the House, the customary tribute of respect was paid to Senator Hicks.

February 16:

In the Senate, the Report of General Herron as Inspector of the Department of Arkansas was presented. A bill was passed to authorize the settlement of claims of the American Colonization Society for the support of recaptured Africans in Liberia.

In the House, it was resolved that that body should meet at 11 o'clock A.M., and remain in session until 5½ P.M. The Senate bill to establish steam mail communication between the United States and Canada was passed by a large majority.

February 17:

In the Senate, Mr. Segur's credentials as Virginia Senator were presented, and the entire session was taken up in the debate on their reference to the Judiciary Committee.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill came up, and was amended so as to levy a tax of one half of one per cent. on sales; another amendment was adopted, providing that every bullion broker shall take out a license for which he shall pay one thousand dollars.

February 18:

In the Senate, the Army Appropriation bill was taken up and amended by striking out the proviso that no money should be paid to land-grant railroads for transportation of troops and munitions of war for the United States. The bill was then passed with an additional amendment providing for the repeal of all laws and regulations of the War Department giving additional rank or pay to regular or volunteer officers.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill was passed, with amendments: that no peddler not enrolled shall be licensed; laying a tax of 35 cents per pound on smoking tobacco; making substitute-brokers pay $110 for a license; imposing a tax of 2½ per cent. on the net instead of the gross receipts of railroad companies and similar corporations, where the net receipts are under $3000 *per annum*, and of 5 per cent. on the excess of this amount. The amendment to tax sales was non-concurred in. An amendment was concurred in taxing National and State banking associations 10 per cent. on the amount of notes of any State bank or association paid out by them on and after January 1, 1865.

February 20:

In the Senate, the vote on the Army Appropriation bill was reconsidered, and the amendment equalizing the rank and pay of volunteer and regular officers was rejected.

In the House, the Conference report on the bill, amendatory of the act defining the pay and emoluments of army officers, was disagreed to, and another committee asked of the Senate. The Secretary of War sent a communication declining to furnish a copy of General Morgan's report relative to the evacuation of Cumberland Gap. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the bill providing a Government for the States subverted or overthrown by the rebellion. In the midst of the debate on this bill, General Grant's dispatch, announcing the evacuation of Charleston, was received with great applause.

February 21:

In the Senate, no important business was done.

In the House, the bill providing a government for States overthrown or subverted by rebellion was laid on the table, 91 to 63.

THE FALL OF CHARLESTON.

An official dispatch from General Gillmore states that Charleston fell into our possession on the morning of the 18th inst., with over two hundred pieces of artillery (another account says that all the guns were spiked), and a supply of ammunition. The surrounding defenses having been evacuated during the previous night by the rebel forces, the Mayor surrendered the city to the troops of General Schimelfening, who at once took possession. The cotton warehouses, arsenal, quarter-master's stores, railroad bridges, two iron-clads, and several vessels in the ship-yard, were burned by the enemy. The railroad building contained 200 kegs of powder, which exploded with terrific effect, killing and wounding upward of one hundred people. It is supposed that 6000 bales of cotton were consumed in the warehouses. The dwelling-houses in the lower part of the city were found to be completely riddled by our shot and shell. The wealthy part of the population had deserted the city, and the poor who remained were suffering for want of food. The Stars and Stripes were raised over Fort Sumter by Captain H. M. Bragg.

NEWS ITEM.

A Cincinnati paper states that out of nineteen hundred rebel prisoners at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, only about one-fourth are willing to be exchanged. The remainder want to take the oath of allegiance and remain at the North.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Both in England and France the news of the fall of Fort Fisher produced a very positive effect upon public opinion.

The *Olinde*, one of the Franco-rebel rams, sailed from the Isle of Houat, off the coast of France, on the 28th of January. She had been previously supplied by a French steamer with guns, ammunition, crew, coal, and all the other necessaries of an outfit. It was reported that she was bound for Charleston, for the purpose of raising the blockade. If this was really her destination she probably sailed a little too late, in view of our recent accounts of affairs in that vicinity. The latest reports say that the *Olinde* had reached Corunna, Spain, where she lay in an unseaworthy condition.

The Paris *Presse* comments at length upon the disposition shown by our House of Representatives in applying the term republic to Mexico in the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. There seems to be an apprehension that the prospect of peace between the North and South will hasten on a crisis between America and Europe. The *Gazette de France* regrets that the Imperial Government has not taken a more determined attitude in relation to American affairs. The *Patrie* thinks the Emperor has done the best he could, and throws blame upon the rest of Europe for compelling France to adopt an inactive policy. The story about the cession of Durango, Sonora, and other provinces by Maximilian to Napoleon was discredited in Paris. On the 4th instant there was a meeting of the Privy Council in Paris. It will be remembered that Prince Napoleon, who is favorable to the Union, is now Vice-President of this body. The affairs of America and their relation to France were the chief object of the meeting. The discussion terminated in this resolution:

"That for the moment it would be wrong to give way to exaggerated fears, and that in the face of the pacific and conciliatory assurances which American diplomacy continues to give, the best course to adopt is to abstain provisionally from all movement, without, however, indulging in a false security."

The British Parliament was opened on the 6th. The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's Speech. The conclusion of the Danish war was briefly alluded to. Her Majesty remained steadfastly neutral between the contending parties in the American civil war. The opening of the Inland Sea of Japan had afforded security to foreign commerce. The conflict with the New Zealand tribes was not yet terminated. Her Majesty had given her sanction to the meeting of a conference of delegates from her several North American provinces, who, on invitation from Her Majesty's Governor-General, assembled at Quebec. Those delegates adopted resolutions having for their object a closer union of those provinces under a central government. If those resolutions should be approved by the provincial Legislatures a bill would be laid before Parliament for carrying this measure into effect. Ireland during the past year had had its share in the advantages of a good harvest, and trade and manufactures were gradually extending in that part of the kingdom.

The same day there was an important debate in the House of Lords on American affairs, in which the Earl of Derby expressed his opinion that our civil war must terminate either in peaceful separation or in the subjugation of the South. He thought that the resolutions lately passed by the American Congress, looking to the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty and the increased armament on the Lakes, showed a spirit of hostility toward England. Earl Russell soon followed with a speech, in which he claimed that Earl Derby had not made sufficient allowance for the irritation which prevails in the United States. He thought it was unjust in the American Government to find fault with England for what, after trying her best, she could not help. But it was natural that such acts as had been committed should create irritation. He said: "We have had ships fitted out here which have afterward been sent great distances, and there received their armaments and provisions, and then been employed to prey upon the commerce of the United States. We had correspondence in our hands which showed that Confederate agents were continually employed either in building ships in this country or in buying merchant ships, which might afterward be sent to France, and thence to other stations, where they might be fitted out as cruisers against the commerce of the United States. Now I do say that, in fairness, when the authorities of the United States see a number of ships that come in some way or other from English ports and English rivers, and that these ships are afterward fitted out as men-of-war, and that their commerce suffers very grievously from it—I do say it is natural that they should feel irritation. But they ought at the same time certainly to ask this question—whether Her Majesty's Government have done every thing which the law of nations authorizes, and the municipal law of this country permits, to prevent this country being made the basis of warlike operations, so as to involve us in a war against the United States. I do not feel at all surprised that the Government of the United States should be annoyed, and feel deeply that those who are the friends of those States should have their territories made the basis of these operations. So again with regard to Canada." At the close of his speech Earl Russell referred to the action taken by our Government against slavery as a matter of gratulation.

It is said that Maximilian, of Mexico, has addressed an autograph letter to the Pope explaining his reasons for assuming the claim of his government to all the Mexican church property.

The opening of the Suez Canal to navigation throughout its entire length, from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, has been officially announced to all the chambers of commerce in Europe by M. Lesseps, President and Superintendent.

General M'Clellan, with his family, arrived in Liverpool on the 5th inst., and left for London on the next day.

Late advices from New Orleans state that the Mexican General Mejia, commanding at Matamoras, has entered into arrangements with the rebel authorities, by which all refugees from Texas are to be returned and immediately to be conscripted into the rebel army.

General Mejia claims that in taking this step he is acting under the orders of the Emperor Maximilian.

General Canby is said to have sent word to General Mejia that he will retaliate by taking and holding Mexican officers as hostages for every refugee returned to the rebels.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

How Stolen Goods Travel in England.—Considerable ingenuity is displayed by the thieves in conveying their unlawful possessions from one place to another. Hampers, clothes-baskets, hat-boxes, carpet-bags, and brown paper parcels, containing stolen articles, are carried by women dressed like servants, and by honest and unsuspecting errand boys, and parties who frequently have no knowledge of the contents of the luggage. Stolen articles are booked regularly at the goods station, and travel along the streets and railways in company with honest merchandise. A thief will occasionally buy two or three pounds of cheese or butter, insert therein a gold watch or a diamond ring, place the eatable upon a plate, and the savory commodity is safely carried along the street under the detective's very nose, whose only notion or desire concerning the cheese may be that it would make a nice rarebit for his supper. Thousands of pounds' worth of jewelry have traveled the whole length of a railway stitched up in a salmon or a hare. Some thieves, it is said, once obtained, in the provinces, a large quantity of jewelry, and devised a strange method of sending it to the fence-master in London. They purchased a very large Stilton cheese, scooped out the inside, filled it with valuables, and then sent it off per goods train like any other cheese.

A Modest Man.—The Rev. Mr. Burnham, of Winchester, Connecticut, recently enlisted in the army as a private, and was sent to the rendezvous at New Haven. On the morning after his arrival he was summoned before the commanding officer of the post and addressed: "Mr. Burnham, I see by your name in the list sent to me that you are a reverend. About a dozen reverends have enlisted and come here, but you are the first who has staid overnight without asking for a chaplaincy; so I guess we'll make you chaplain." And he was made chaplain accordingly.

Valuable Prey.—A peasant in the environs of Kœnigsral (Bohemia) some time since found a hare, which had been caught in a snare, and carried it home, where it soon recovered from its partial strangulation and became the pet of his children. It was extremely tame, and allowed the young folks to handle it as they pleased. One day the children, in their play, put round its neck a necklace of gold ducats belonging to their mother, and were highly amused at seeing their favorite thus decorated. Unfortunately, at this moment the outer door was opened by a person entering, and the hare scampered off into the fields with the necklace, and has not since been seen.

Extraordinary Discovery in a French Convent.—The correspondent of a contemporary, writing in reference to a strange occurrence said to have taken place in 1829 at Charenton-sur-Marne, France, says: "May I be allowed to state that your correspondent has made a mistake as to the locality; it should have been at Charenton-sur-Seine, near Paris. In 1829 I was engaged on the works of Messrs. Manby and Wilson, under Mr. Holroyd, the engineer of the works, when time after time large numbers of infant skeletons were discovered in all parts of the premises, which, I believe, had been a convent of a very strict order of nuns. At first we did not take much notice of the circumstance; but when the attention of Mr. Holroyd and Mr. Armstrong was called to the singular affair we were directed to count the remains, and from that day we counted and placed to one side no less than 287 entire skeletons of infants. We took no account of parts of skeletons, which, if they had been all put together, would have far outnumbered the entire ones which were counted. I speak far within bounds when I say that there were found not fewer than the remains of 800 children, and there was not a single bone of an adult person among them. The mayor came to the premises and had the bones placed in boxes and privately buried in the cemetery, and orders were given to hush up the affair." It will be for our readers to draw their own conclusions.—*London Weekly Times, January* 29.

The Laugh of Woman.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leads from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with delight even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

The most Marvelous Story in the World.—Some gentlemen were dining together and relating their traveling adventures. One of them dealt so much in the marvelous that it induced another to give him a lesson. "I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America. I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me. The horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages took possession of my mind. I considered for a moment what was to be done. Most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family. I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others; and the well-known saying, 'Divide and conquer' occurring to me, I slackened my speed and allowed him to come up. We engaged in mutual fury. I hope none here [bowing to his auditors] will doubt the result. In a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare, but with the hope of reaching a neighboring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English. This hope, however, I was forced to give up, for on looking back I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with, but I felt fatigued, and, being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than destroy another of my fellow-creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up among the trees; I redoubled my speed; I prayed to Heaven; I felt assured my prayers would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath. There was no choice: I turned round—" Here the gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first grew impatient past all endurance, and called out, "Well, Sir, and you killed him also?" "No, Sir; he killed me!"

Curious Means of Distinguishing Real from Apparent Death.—The different effect produced on living and on dead bodies by fire is applied to this purpose. If the end of a finger or toe, for example, of a corpse is exposed for a few seconds to flame, the skin will rise up in a mass, and form a very large blister, which will ultimately burst. The fluids of the body are changed to vapor by the heat—which never can occur during life, since they would be driven off by the vital force—and will continue to ooze out, at least until the surface is reduced to the condition of a coal. It is often very difficult to ascertain with certainty whether or not death has taken place, and persons have been buried alive through mistake. This method is considered to leave no doubt on the subject.

The Meeting of "Friends."—Maori friends, on meeting after long separation, are in the habit of rubbing noses, like the Esquimaux and the natives of some of the Hebrides Islands, and shedding copious floods of tears. We have seen two old fellows seize one another by the shoulders, and try the power of friction on the points of one another's noses with such vivacity that we have awaited the result with some anxiety, dreading lest, when the ceremony was over, little of a nose should be left to either; but we have never seen even a slight abrasion; the skin seems to get hardened like that on the palm of a working-man's hand. Whether the friction of the nose exercises any influence on the lachrymose glands we can not undertake to say; we can only vouch to the copiousness of the tears. But we must not mistake those tears; they are not genuine proofs of affection. We should not exactly say that they are crocodile's tears; but there is about as much sincerity in them as in the salutations which passed between two notables of a Scotch parish. John Menzie and William Morrison were sworn friends; or, at least, you would have supposed them to be so from the hearty greeting which passed between them whenever they met. They seized one another's hands, and held them in a tenacious gripe as long as the interview lasted. "Aweel," John would say, "I hae mony kind freends, but nane I am half so glad to see as William Morrison." "And I, John," would be the rejoinder, "wad gang a long simmer mile and mair to see *your* honest face." John and William would then part. On meeting the former, we would say, "Was that William Morrison you were talking to, John?" "Ay, ay," John would say, "a puir silly body, easy lifted up, and easy castit doon." On meeting William, we would say, "So you met John Menzie today, William?" "Ay, the double-faced auld scoondrel! I ken him weel." There is, perhaps, as much sincerity in Maori embraces and tears as in the salutations which passed between these two worthies.

The new seal of the state of Nevada is nine inches in circumference—too large for any practicable use. The design represents the sun rising over mountains, a railroad train, a quartz mill, a tunnel, a man dumping ore, and a six-mule team hauling rock. The motto is, "All for our country."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LUCKY DREAMS.

To dream of nothing is lucky.

To dream that you have written all Mr. Tupper's works (and on waking to find you haven't) is very lucky.

To dream, *only* to dream, that you've committed a capital crime, is lucky—*for you*.

UNLUCKY DREAMS.

To dream that, in a fearful shipwreck, you have been hurled upon a sharp rock, and to awake to a sense of your position on the floor, is unlucky.

To dream of goblins, villains of the deepest dye, assassins, daggers, and such things as utterly destroy your rest, is decidedly unlucky.

To keep on dreaming and awaking five times in a night is unlucky.

To dream that you are fighting for your life with wild bears, and to find yourself hitting your wife on the head with a bolster, is unlucky, very unlucky.

To dream that you are making a long and powerful address to a jury and to deliver the same oratorically, is unlucky for any one who happens to be in the same room trying to go to sleep.

Clerical Taste.—Church *belles*.

When is a cat like a tea-pot?—When your tea's in it.

Why does a duck go under the water?—For divers reasons.

Why does the same duck come out of the water?—For sun-dry reasons.

When does the donkey prefer to eat thistles rather than hay?—When he is a jackass.

Women in hoops make butts of themselves.

Alderman M——'s Notions of a Bank Director—One who *overlooks* the accounts.

When is Champagne calculated to make an imbiber noisy?—When the wine itself *is creaming*.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

The lady who sunk all her capital in railways is anxious to obtain a loop line to recover it with. She may fish for it.

The gentleman who borrowed an oyster-knife to open an account at his banker's with is anxious to meet with a patent cork-screw to draw a check with.

The person who let fall a remark about his friend has taken up an observation made by a third party, and the law will be called in to decide the question of ownership.

The young heir who fell out with his father has dropped upon a snug thing, and is therefore likely to be taken up again by his relatives.

The lady who broke off a match with her cousin because he would not come to the scratch has got another flame.

Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool. The poet Moore, to whom this story was told, observed, "Oh, nothing is more natural than for a literary lady to double down a page." "I would rather," said one of the company, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

Figurative.—A man being asked what he had for dinner, replied, "A lean wife and the ruin of man for sauce." On being asked for an explanation it appeared that his dinner consisted of a spare rib of pork and apple-sauce.

Bands of Hope—Wedding rings.

A Cheerful Measure—The horn of plenty.

Wanted.—A firkin of butter churned from the "milk of roses."

Brandy punches have a tendency to make the pavement very slippery. They also make one's head heavier than his heels, and his purse lighter than either.

A mad Englishman in Paris recently smashed the face of a statue in one of the public squares because it looked like his faithless wife. He said, by way of apology, that he thought women of that kind should be *dis-countenanced*.

When a young man is about to settle down as "the husband of one wife," he should resolve never to make her jealous with his Wild Sallies and his gay Ann Ticks.

A Mark of Civilization.—A French writer concludes an account of his shipwreck in these words: "Having arrived at an unknown region I traveled eleven hours without discovering the least trace of any human being. At last I perceived, to my great joy, a wretch suspended on a gibbet. 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'I am now in a civilized country.'"

"You're a fool," said a coxcomb, one day, to a clown; and the answer he got was a queer one. "Why, dang it! you partly say true, I must own; if I bean't *quite* a fool, I be *near* one."

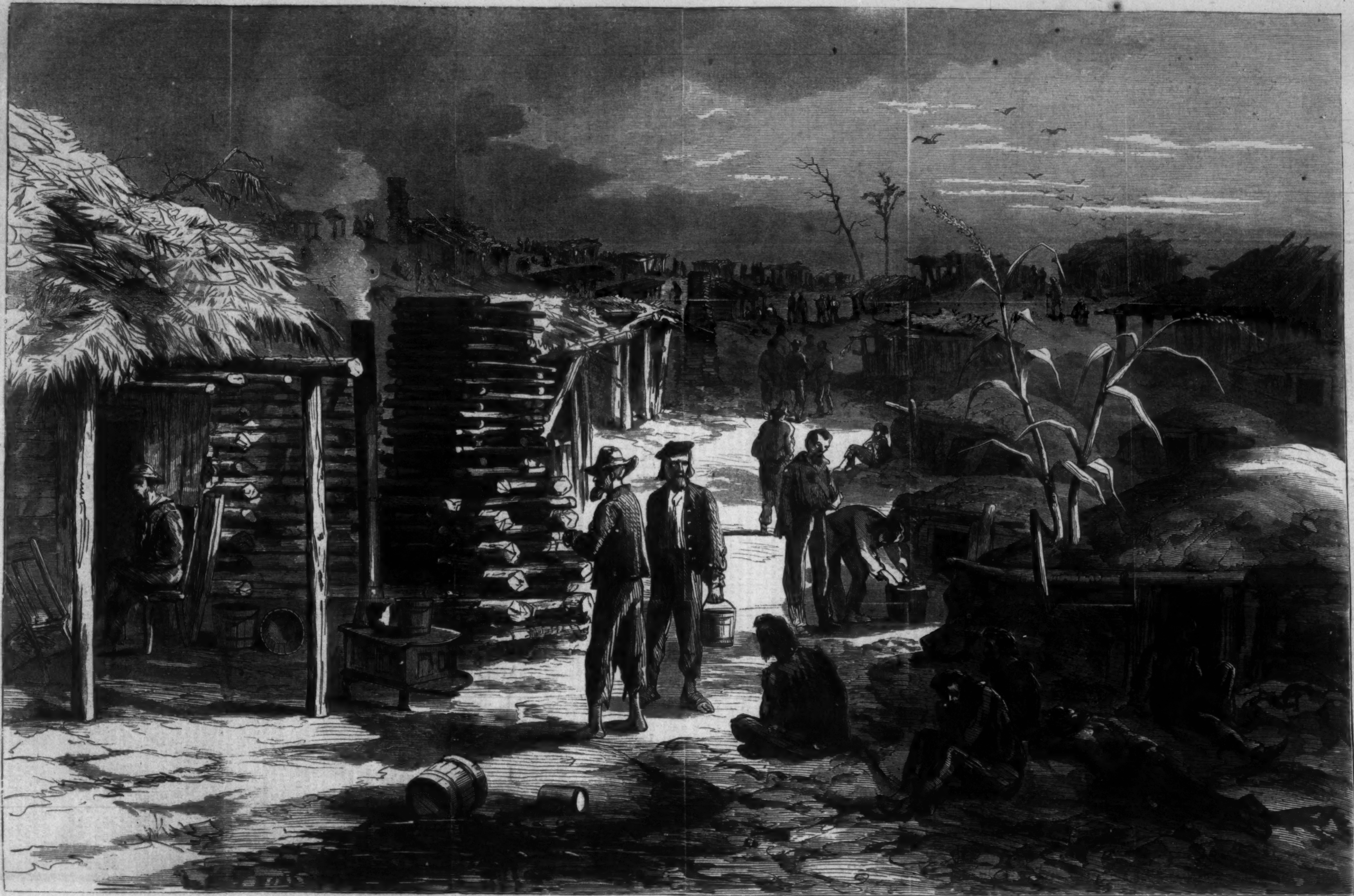
Why are gentlemen's love-letters so liable to go astray?—Because they are always *miss-directed*.

When is a cigar like an old maid?—When there is no match for it.

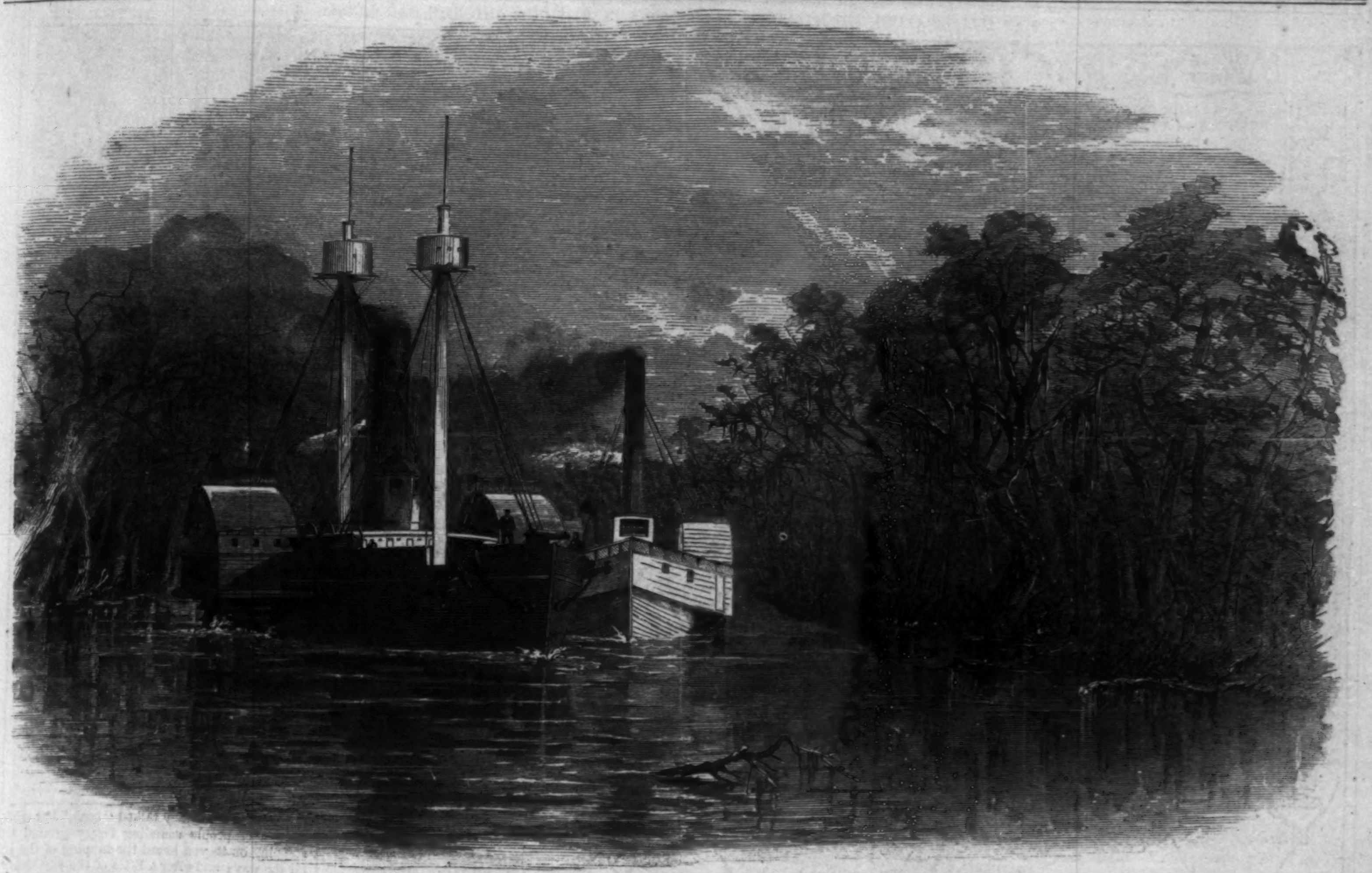
A colonel of one of our cavalry regiments was recently complaining at an evening party, that from the ignorance and inattention of the officers he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. Said he, "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant, and—" "Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

An old maid is more liberal than a young one. The latter may always be willing to lend you a hand; the former will give you one, and thank you too.

Not Satisfied.—The East Indies boast of a nutmeg weighing four ounces, and, not satisfied, is now asking for "a grater."



CAMP FORD, TEXAS.—SKETCHED BY G. W. SIMMONS.—[SEE PAGE 141.]



THE DOUBLE-ENDER "PONTIAC" DESCENDING THE SAVANNAH RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY B. J. S.]

THE WAR IN THE CAROLINAS.

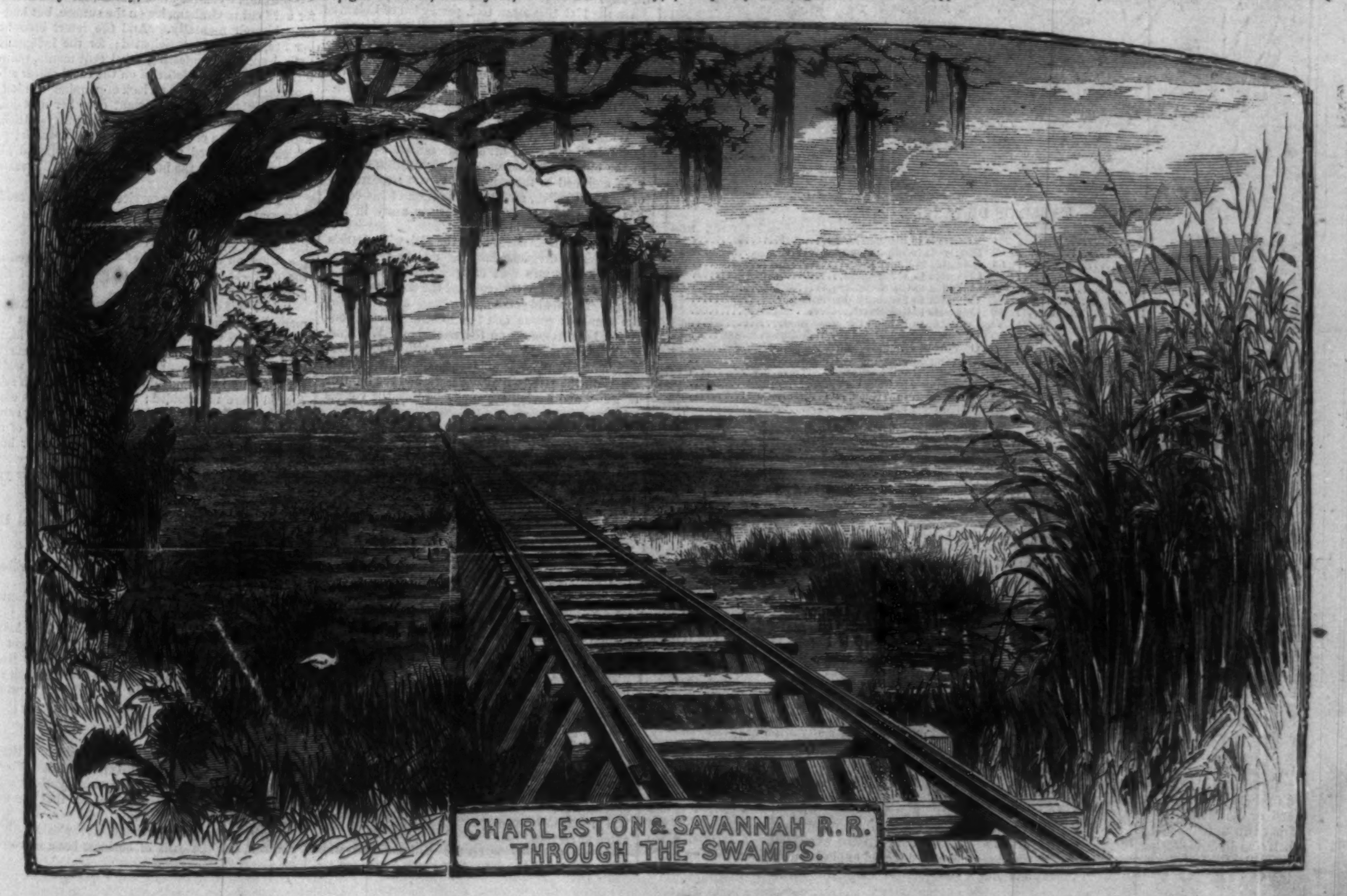
GENERAL SHERMAN's campaign, as it has been developed thus far, appears not to have been a series of battles but one of difficult marches. The pleasant promenade across the State of Georgia was not repeated in South Carolina. A wide region of swampy country had to be traversed before our armies could emerge upon the sandy tract of the uplands. An idea of the difficulties which beset SHERMAN in the first stage of his South Carolina campaign is conveyed in the illustration on our first page and on page 137. These swamp crossings, made doubly intricate by trees which have been felled by the enemy, and where our advance is not unfrequently harassed by rebel skirmishers, occurred every few miles in the earlier stage of the march. In the march from M'Phersonville the water was up to the horses' girths.

As in the advance on Savannah, so in this march northward from that point SHERMAN's movements appear to be hidden alike from the enemy's scrutiny and our own. At Richmond or at Washington there is the same ignorance of details. It is known that there are so many columns, that certain points have been reached, that in every direction KILPATRICK's cavalry are meddling with the rebel lines of communication, out all else is in obscurity.

SLOCUM's column, which is still the left wing, began to move, January 27, toward Sister's Ferry, which is seventy miles above Savannah. The greater part of the column and all its trains were obliged to move up the Georgia bank of the river to avoid the impassable swamps on the other side. The gun-boat *Pontiac* covered the crossing at Sister's Ferry. The height of water in the river produced by the late freshet made Sister's Ferry a very good temporary base for SLOCUM, and the light transports at Savannah were brought into requisition for the conveyance of supplies. We give on this page an illustration of the *Pontiac* guarding two of these transports, the *Naushon* and *Fountain*, down the river. The scene on board these boats must have been very picturesque, as the bold shore was completely submerged and the vessels appeared to be forcing a passage through the trees and underbrush of the forest itself.

The Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps of SLOCUM's column reached Sister's Ferry January 30. After crossing the river this column occupied Robertsville. Branchville and Augusta were thus both threatened at the same time, and the enemy was divided for the defense of both. While KILPATRICK threatened Augusta SLOCUM crossed Whippy Swamp and the eastern branches of the Combahee River, moving on Branchville.

HOWARD at the same time moved from Pocotaligo on the Savannah and Charleston Railroad. On this page we give an illustration of this railroad, which conveys an idea of the nature of the country



CHARLESTON & SAVANNAH R.R.
THROUGH THE SWAMPS.

MAP ILLUSTRATING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA AND THE CAROLINAS.

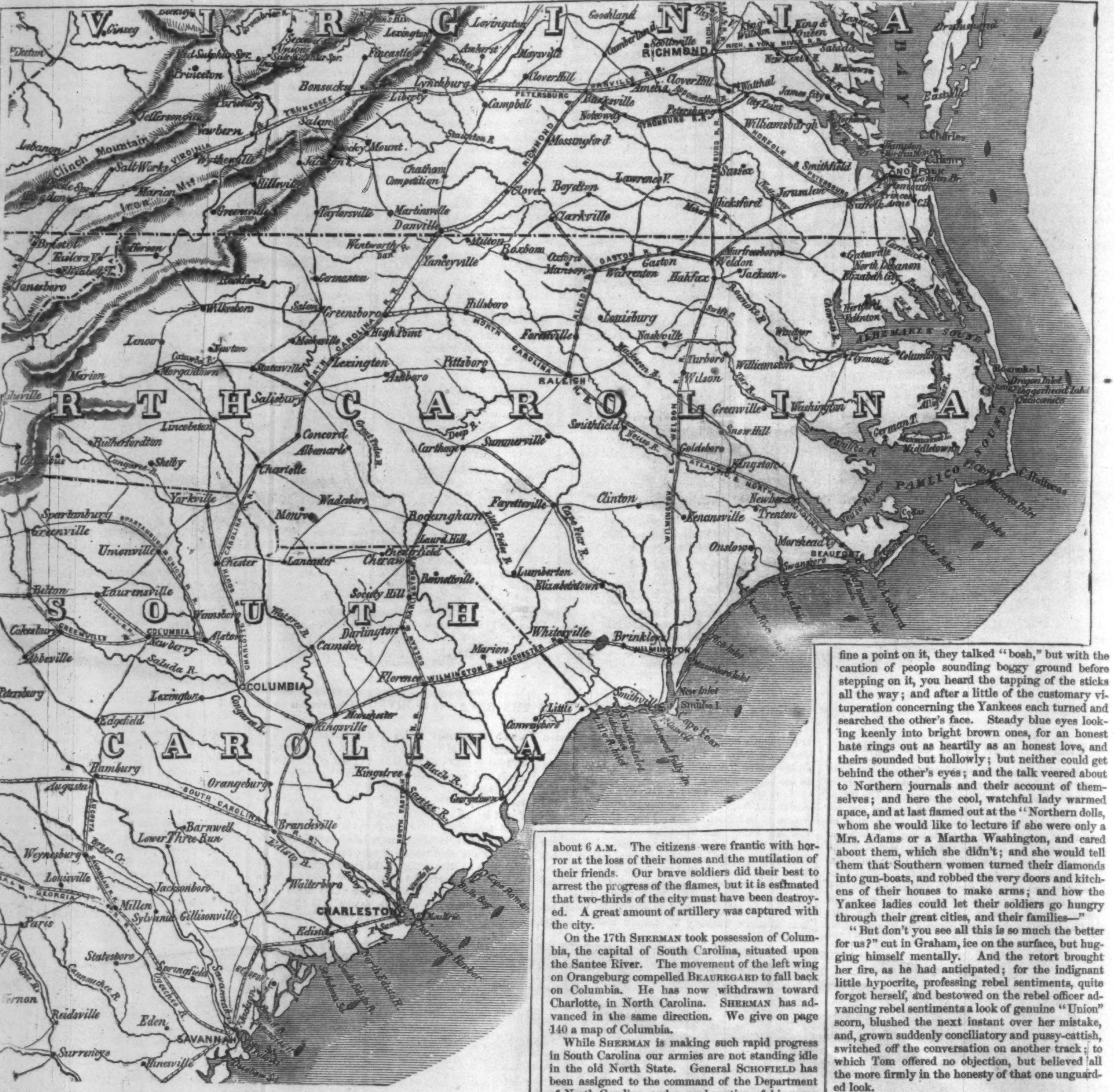

VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
RICHMOND
Lexington
Lovingston
Goochland
Lynchburg
Fincastle
Amherst
Salem
Liberty
Campbell
Petersburg
Williamsburgh
Norfolk
Smithfield
Suffolk
Jerusalem
Danville
Clarkville
Boydton
Milton
Yanceyville
Weldon
Gaston
Halifax
Jackson
Warrenton
Oxford
Greensboro
High Point
Hillsboro
Salisbury
Lexington
Pittsboro
Raleigh
Louisburg
Nashville
Tarboro
Wilson
Williamston
Plymouth
Edenton
Elizabeth City
Columbia
ALBEMARLE SOUND
PAMLICO SOUND
Washington
Greenville
Goldsboro
Kingston
Newbern
Beaufort
Snow Hill
Smithfield
Fayetteville
Clinton
Kenansville
Onslow
Trenton
Morehead City
Swansboro
C. Lookout
C. Hatteras
Hatteras Inlet
Ocracoke Inlet
Wilmington
Brinkley
Whiteville
Lumberton
Elizabethtown
Smithville
Smith's I.
Cape Fear
New Inlet
Charlotte
Concord
Albemarle
Carthage
Summerville
Rockingham
Wadesboro
Monroe
Statesville
Lincolnton
Rutherfordton
Shelby
Morgantown
Marion
Wilkesboro
Yorkville
Spartanburg
Greenville
Unionville
Chester
Lancaster
Cheraw
Bennettsville
Society Hill
Darlington
Camden
Marion
Florence
Kingsville
Winnsboro
Alston
Laurensville
Newberry
Abbeville
Belton
Cokesbury
Edgefield
Lexington
COLUMBIA
Manchester
Kingstree
Georgetown
Orangeburg
Branchville
Hamburg
Augusta
Barnwell
Lower Three Run
Walterboro
Edisto
CHARLESTON
Charleston Harbor
Jacksonboro
Millen
Sylvania
Gillisonville
Springfield
Statesboro
SAVANNAH
Eden
Reidsville
Surrencys
Hinesville
Waynesboro
Louisville
Paris
Wytheville
Marion
Abingdon
Bristol
Jonesboro
Clinch Mountain
Iron Mts.
Salt Works
Jeffersonville
Newbern
Christiansburg
Blacksburg
Rocky Mount
Chatham
Martinsville
Hillsville
Lebanon
Saltville
Wentworth
Germanton
Yadkinville
Smithfield
Hampton
Fortress Monroe
Chesapeake Bay
C. Charles
Eastville
Drummondtown
Weldon and Petersburg R.R.
Wilmington and Manchester R.R.
South Carolina R.R.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

From	Miles.	From	Miles.
Charleston to Savannah	104	Kingsville to Florence	64
Charleston to Ashepoo Bridge	35	Kingsville to Wilmington	171
Charleston to Pocotaligo	55	Columbia to Florence	89
Charleston to Kingstree	38	Columbia to Wilmington	196
Charleston to Florence	102	Columbia to Charlotte	106
Charleston to Augusta	137	Columbia to Salisbury (by inner line)	140
Charleston to Branchville	62	Columbia to Goldsboro'	329
Charleston to Orangeburg	79	Columbia to Raleigh (by inner line)	281
Charleston to Kingsville	105	Columbia to Goldsboro' (by Wilmington route)	270
Charleston to Columbia	130	Columbia to Raleigh (by Wilmington route)	318
Charleston to Aiken	128	Wilmington to Marion	86
Charleston to Augusta	137	Wilmington to Florence	107
Charleston to Wilmington (by rail)	209	Wilmington to Goldsboro'	84
Charleston to Richmond	457	Wilmington to Weldon	162
Charleston to Washington	587	Wilmington to Raleigh	132
Branchville to Charleston	62	Wilmington to Hillsboro'	172
Branchville to Orangeburg	17	Wilmington to Greensboro'	214
Branchville to Kingsville	45	Wilmington to Salisbury	264
Branchville to Columbia	68	Wilmington to Charlotte	304
Branchville to Florence	108	Wiimington to Petersburg	226
Branchville to Augusta	75	Wilmington to Richmond	248
Branchville to Wilmington	216	Wilmington to Washington	378
Branchville to Charlotte	174	Newbern to Beaufort	40
Kingsville to Columbia	25	Newbern to Goldsboro'	50

which it traverses. HOWARD moved against the enemy's line nearer the coast on the lower Combahee; and while SLOCUM crossed the Edisto west of Branchville to Orangeburg on the road to Columbia, HOWARD with the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps isolated the rebel position on the south side. We illustrate on page 136 the burning of M'Phersonville by our forces. This place was five miles west of Pocotaligo.

A dispatch from the rebel General WHEELER, dated the 7th, claims to have driven back a portion of KILPATRICK'S cavalry.

In the mean time General GILLMORE superseded General FOSTER in the command of the army operating directly against Charleston. Our forces gained a foothold on Little Britain, an island at the upper end of the North Edisto. On the 10th a force from two to four thousand strong landed at Grimball's, on James Island, in Charleston Harbor, about two miles west of the city. On the 18th Charleston was evacuated by General HARDEE, and Admiral DAHLGREN took possession. In this connection the illustration of Fort Sumter, which we have engraved on pages 136 and 137, possesses great interest. The fort, which has been transformed into an earth-work, and is much more formidable than at the beginning of the war, is now in our possession. The old Union flag again waves over the fort. It was raised at 9 A.M. on the 18th. In the mean while the city of Charleston was in flames. As WHEELER'S cavalry had plundered Columbia before leaving it, so the rebel officers, regardless of all motives of humanity toward the thousands of helpless citizens they were about to leave behind them in Charleston, had, previous to their evacuation, prepared for the destruction of the city. The first explosion took place at 3 o'clock in the morning. Simultaneously with the explosion flames broke out in different parts of the city. While the unfortunate citizens were trying to extinguish the flames, a second explosion took place, causing a terrible loss of life. Our forces took possession at about 6 A.M. The citizens were frantic with horror at the loss of their homes and the mutilation of their friends. Our brave soldiers did their best to arrest the progress of the flames, but it is estimated that two-thirds of the city must have been destroyed. A great amount of artillery was captured with the city.

On the 17th SHERMAN took possession of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, situated upon the Santee River. The movement of the left wing on Orangeburg compelled BEAUREGARD to fall back on Columbia. He has now withdrawn toward Charlotte, in North Carolina. SHERMAN has advanced in the same direction. We give on page 140 a map of Columbia.

While SHERMAN is making such rapid progress in South Carolina our armies are not standing idle in the old North State. General SCHOFIELD has been assigned to the command of the Department of North Carolina, and a good portion of his corps has united with TERRY'S victorious army in the operations against Wilmington.

TERRY made an advance on the 11th with AMES'S and PAYNE'S divisions, moving up the peninsula. Admiral PORTER'S fleet co-operated. The *Montgomery* and *Quaker City* covered the advance of the army. The double-enders *Mackinaw* and *Unadilla*, the gun-boat *Huron* and the Monitor *Montauk* engaged Fort Anderson on the west side. We illustrate this bombardment on page 140. Our correspondent says that the object of the action was to ascertain the strength of the work and the number of guns, and having accomplished this the vessels withdrew.

AT A VENTURE.

STEAM was up, the train was off, and Tom Graham in it *en route* for Chattanooga; fairly in stream, as it were, and knowing no more what was to happen next than you do, only bobbing about in the tide of events and looking out sharp to see if Fortune was going to toss him a life-preserver, or if her ladyship intended to let him drown.

Beside him sat a lady, the only one in the car; ten years older than himself—that is, thirty-five—with an audacious turned-up nose, sarcastic lips, a square, determined chin—too determined for a woman—brilliant brown eyes, and an abundance of hair, thickly sown with gray; not pretty, but not a nonentity. Many a nonentity contrives to have a mouth, nose, and eyes without as much expression as went to the making of her back. Moreover, she had met Graham on his entrance with one of those flitting, scanning glances with which women take their mental measures; and at sight of his uniform, and the M. S. on his cap, there had been a sudden dropping of the lashes, a darkening quicker than a cloud-flitting, too slight indeed for thought, had not Tom been desperate; but drowning men catch at straws.

As the train jogged on they fell into conversation—about the war, of course—and, not to put too fine a point on it, they talked "bosh," but with the caution of people sounding boggy ground before stepping on it, you heard the tapping of the sticks all the way; and after a little of the customary vituperation concerning the Yankees each turned and searched the other's face. Steady blue eyes looking keenly into bright brown ones, for an honest hate rings out as heartily as an honest love, and theirs sounded but hollowly; but neither could get behind the other's eyes; and the talk veered about to Northern journals and their account of themselves; and here the cool, watchful lady warmed apace, and at last flamed out at the "Northern dolls, whom she would like to lecture if she were only a Mrs. Adams or a Martha Washington, and cared about them, which she didn't; and she would tell them that Southern women turned their diamonds into gun-boats, and robbed the very doors and kitchens of their houses to make arms; and how the Yankee ladies could let their soldiers go hungry through their great cities, and their families—"

"But don't you see all this is so much the better for us?" cut in Graham, ice on the surface, but hugging himself mentally. And the retort brought her fire, as he had anticipated; for the indignant little hypocrite, professing rebel sentiments, quite forgot herself, and bestowed on the rebel officer advancing rebel sentiments a look of genuine "Union" scorn, blushed the next instant over her mistake, and, grown suddenly conciliatory and pussy-cattish, switched off the conversation on another track; to which Tom offered no objection, but believed all the more firmly in the honesty of that one unguarded look.

"I see you are in the service. You volunteered, I presume," said the lady.

"Volunteered," repeated Tom, with a singular intonation. "Well, you can call it so. I entered the army on a conviction of—bayonets crossed at the door—as my only way of getting out of the provost marshal's office."

"Ah!" his companion had opened her lips to say more, but seemed unable or afraid to get out the words. She was startled entirely out of her high-bred repose; her quiet hands twitched nervously, her color came and went uneasily; and all the while sat Tom, not tense and self-controlled, but as if self-control were not needed; muscles lax in his easy indifferent *pose;* eyes cool, bright, and resting carelessly on things nearest him; not the quiver of an eyelash to tell how high leaped his heart, or how low it sank, as he said to himself,

"Tom, old boy, if that woman's face is a lie you have your pass to 'kingdom come.'"

The lady drew a long breath.

"Apparently, Sir, you are in the Medical Department."

"Yes. Surgeon at —— hospital."

The dash represents the mumble which Graham substituted for the name.

"And were the people of ——" (with a ludicrous imitation of the mumble) "patriotic?"

"Rather; say about boiling-point. The hospital was a sort of Levite among them, and got its dues not only of corn, wine, and oil, but of fruit, flowers, and jellies; and the girls there had an excellent habit of being pretty and visiting the wards in person."

"You were in clover then?"

"Exactly."

"I could understand scrambling out of a thistle bed," remarked the lady, with an affectation of being puzzled, "but considering the scarcity of the other growth along life's highway, it *is* odd that you were willing to leave it."

"Ah, madam, I appreciate clover as keenly as you can, but the calls of business have no respect for clover."

"Business!" she repeated, and suddenly, as only a woman knows how, melted from reserve and suspicion into candor and pity. "I see you will not trust me; well, I dare trust you. I am for the Union, and I believe in my heart that you are also, and that your 'business' is simply running away from a detested service; and if you are a wolf in sheep's clothing after all—"

"I am not," he said, hastily; and then, as if half ashamed of his warmth, "though it is just possible that I may be the ass in the lion's skin."

"You know best on that point; but if I am right in my conjecture, I can hardly understand why you are going to Chattanooga. Do you know that it is filled with soldiers? is in fact a great military camp, and that so near the Federal lines you can have no hope of getting a pass beyond? You are running from the cat headlong into the trap."

"True; but on the probability of a wire bent or broken out. I know it is but the shadow of the ghost of a chance; but it is the first time I have found even that."

"Shadow indeed, my dear Sir, if you go to a hotel; but you must not go to one. You will be questioned and suspected at once. You must let me help you, and come home with me. We live very quietly, my younger sister and I. My father is dead; my mother is always confined to her room."

Cork jackets to be thankfully received and no questions asked, said Tom to himself, remembering his thoughts on starting, and accepted the invitation; but then both fell off into silence. The color that had crept into the lady's cold cheek burned and deepened there as she thought. Perhaps in her heart she would have been more at ease in playing the Good Samaritan to something grayer and grimmer than this handsome young officer; while Tom was pondering, as he had the frankness to tell her when she questioned him a moment after, "the case of one Jael, who cried, 'Come in, my lord!' and then drove a thundering big nail through the poor fellow's temples."

"You are no physiognomist," returned the lady, laughing, "or you would see that my nose shuts me out at once from that rôle. How *could* one conspire with a *nez retroussé?* You would infallibly spy the hammer and nails in my pocket. Moreover, my name is not Jael, but Mary—Mary Arden."

"Miss Arden, Dr. Mahon at your service," responded Tom, as if going through with an introduction.

Miss Arden smiled, but instantly sobered again, as if mirth jarred on her humor. The train jolted wearily along; the dull afternoon dragged as wearily, wearing itself out into twilight. It was dark when "Chattanooga" sounded hoarsely through the cars.

Miss Arden had spoken of a "quiet home," and Graham saw it in vision: an old house slumbering somewhere in the suburbs of Chattanooga, dimly lighted, faintly echoing slippered footsteps of that soft, gliding, low-voiced, younger sister, whom she had called Alice. Miss Arden's dwelling, in its bold, tall, square reality, stood, with an evident sense of its dignity, among the more imposing buildings of Chattanooga. A broad flare of light streamed from the lower windows, flooding the gravel walks, and tipping and reddening dark masses of shrubbery and great tree boles. The wind met them with laughter and music, as well as the scent of roses; and in the drawing-room was not only the sparkle of mirror and gleam of vase and cornice, but sparkle and gleam of epaulet and sword hilt also—a Colonel, a Captain, and two Lieutenants in full uniform. Graham saw, but too late to draw back. He was in full view of the drawing-room and the maroon sofa, with its gorgeous sitters. To go forward looked like sure destruction in the long-run; to go back was destruction. Hot heart bounded up in the fierce resolve to sell his life dearly; brain counseled coolly, "Wait till worst comes." Turning on Miss Arden he grated a single fierce whisper in her ear, "Jael!" She pressed his hand —there was no time for more—and led him into the drawing-room.

"My cousin, Dr. Graham; Colonel Lightwood, Captain Allen, Lieutenant Sparke, Lieutenant Ranger. Alice, he *has* grown almost out of recollection; but have you quite forgotten Cousin Tom?"

Graham bowed, grimly. The Colonel, the Captain, and the two Lieutenants returned the salutation with severe politeness, as due to themselves as gentlemen, but, as suitors of Mistress Alice there by the window, in a state of disapprobation of male cousins on general principles. Mistress Alice herself hesitated an instant, her eyes on her sister, not the new-comer, and Tom recalled his portrait of a pallid, willowy, sighing Alice. This Alice was a flattered, softened, glowing copy of her sister; glowing not in color—she had hardly as much as reddens a delicate sea-shell in her cheek—but with that sort of freshness that you find in some white roses faintly tinted, and on the broad leaves of the aram; erect as Miss Arden herself, but rounded where she was angular; eyes softer; hair as abundant, but of the loveliest brown; nose only piquant; chin melting into a very handsome throat; and a little hand that rested on Tom's like a floating flower leaf or the brush of a bit of soft white fur.

"Dear Tom," she said, her eyes sparkling with a mischief that he only could appreciate, "I find I have forgotten you indeed. I should never have known you. I used to think, you know—I can tell you now since you are so improved—that you were, just a little—gawky."

"And I," retorted Tom, kissing her, "used to think you were—just a little, you know—charming, and it seems you are not well over it yet."

The Colonel, the Captain, and the two Lieutenants sat aghast. Miss Arden turned away and began discussing Reubens, as the first seizable subject, with an occasional cough from time to time that sounded as if it had a violent inclination to become a giggle; and Tom, forgetting the danger in the fun, led his cousin (?) to a seat to talk over "old times." Alice was scarlet with anger and mortification. She would have liked to cry, to box his ears, to tell him that he was ungentlemanly, to sweep majestically from the room, and she dared do none of these things, because wholly ignorant of what might be her sister's interest in the impertinent stranger. If he would have looked repentant, or abashed, by her evident displeasure; but it was only too clear that, despite an evident danger, he was keenly enjoying the situation. He had placed her in the shadow of the recessed window, and, seated himself in the full light, was zealously enacting the part of affectionate excavator of fossil remembrances, invented of course, something in this wise:

"Aunty Fairleigh, Alice, what has become of her? Do you remember how we used to go there as children eighteen years ago or more? The old dame had a liking for you, I believe, but persisted in calling me Sir Scant d'Grace."

"I could hardly have a very vivid recollection of events eighteen years back," murmured Alice. "I am not eighteen years old till next month."

"Ah!" responded Tom, not in the least disconcerted, and went off at a canter in another direction, among aunts and uncles and cousins, till he came finally to Alice's mother; "why had she not written? He was always fond of Aunt Alice, and felt the slight keenly."

"Yes; mamma was speaking of you only this morning; let us go to her room; she is always awake at this hour," cried Alice, in utter desperation, pulling rather than leading Tom from the room; and then, when they were fairly out of ear-shot,

"Do you mean to ruin yourself, whoever you may be?" she said, angrily. "My mother write to you! She has paralysis; and her name is Judith, not Alice."

"I think it should be yours also," retorted the incorrigible Tom, "for I am sure you will have my head in a basket before morning."

For all reply the indignant girl turned her back squarely on him, seating herself in the most distant corner of the room, and looking determinedly out at window, while Tom established himself at a table with a book. So Miss Arden found them, when at last the Colonel and his satellites were good enough to go.

"You called me Jael," she said to him directly; "but I have done worse than betray you, I have blundered. To save you the publicity of the Crutchfield House I have brought you to the notice of four prominent rebel officers. Notice means suspicion here. Every one is suspected, as is quite natural where they are trying to stick a Government and people together with a disintegrating principle. You are a stranger, and doubly suspicious in that character; and I am sorry to say that Colonel Lightwood, unlike the majority of his sex, has eyes and ears and uses them. Alice, you must have seen—"

"I saw nothing," cut in that young lady, sharply.

"My dear—"

"Really, Mollie, I don't think you can well expect any thing further of me in this gentleman's behalf. It is enough that in love for you I did not resent his audacity as it deserved, where it would have been well and speedily avenged. There is no further need of feigning; and as for my advice, I am not sufficiently interested to give it."

"Would it not be more just in Miss Arden to remember that it is the desperation of my position that forces upon me such disagreeable and painful necessities?" retorted Tom, with great affectation of meekness.

At that Miss Arden sat down and laughed till she cried; but Alice, whose poor little heart had filled to overflowing in that long sitting by the window, could not keep her eyes from brimming over with tears, and that brought out what Tom called "the weak, soft Graham," but what I am inclined to think was the better part of him, at once.

"Miss Arden," he said, earnestly, "you can not believe for an instant that I can feel any thing but respect and admiration for the girl who had the generosity to lose a very natural resentment in care for the safety of an utter stranger. There are few, I believe, who would not have listened to pique, and given me, as I deserved, into the hands of my enemies; and remember, if you please, that I considered my offense necessary as a part of my disguise. I always kiss my cousins at home, and if it *was* delight—I mean pleasant—it was not my fault, but yours. It must have been the same if you had had a red nose and cork-screw curls. I kissed an abstraction—an imaginary cousin, not a very pretty—"

The sentence remained unfinished, but peace was concluded.

Early morning found Miss Arden at her breakfast-table looking anxiously across the coffee-urn at Dr. Graham.

"I have been reviewing the situation," she said. "In fact I did little else all night. We are ourselves known as Union sympathizers, and on the suspected list. Alice is pretty, and we have good wines; so the rebel officers, in place of imprisoning, visit us, and have us under constant surveillance. I *have* a cousin in the Confederate service, unknown to the men whom you saw here; but to-day Colonel Lightwood will make quiet mention of Miss Arden's cousin, and how long before somebody will perk up with—'Graham? That isn't his name. I know him well—Will Stanley, and left him only two days back in Montgomery, where he is fast enough—up to his ears in business.' Nothing *could* be worse than bringing you here, unless it were to keep you. We must have you out of Chattanooga this very day."

"To that last clause Amen with all my heart," said Tom; "but you must suffer me to get myself out. I see no reason for involving you in the risk."

"But indeed you are not to deny me. We can not fall into the ranks and fight for our country. This is our only way of serving her, and we who risk and lose all things for her sake love her better than those who simply hear of a war. More than that, you can hardly help yourself out. You can not leave Chattanooga in that uniform; you would never be permitted to pass the gates. You can not procure a disguise without attracting attention, and attention, as I have told you, means here suspicion."

"I understand then, madam, that you and Miss Alice here are to charge sword in hand at the opposing rebels, and that when you have hewn a lane over their dead bodies, that I am to close my eyes, put my fingers in my ears, and 'head' for the 'open,' never stopping till I run on the Union lines."

"On the contrary, I and 'Miss Alice here' are to dress you out as our grandmother, or, to speak more literally, as the aunt of Jake Buttergood—an honest Union farmer who supplies us with what he is pleased to style 'truck;' and the said farmer is to put you dutifully into his wagon, and convey you with the reverence due his aunt and your years to the nearest ferry, from whence you will make your way to the Union lines. Why do you shake your head? You surely are not too proud to take your liberty at the hands of a woman? Better at mine than of some slave, your only other helper. Making your own way out is very magnificent, no doubt, but the days of paladins are past, and you owe your life to your country; you have no right to throw it away."

And of course she carried the question; and Tom, having yielded the great point, did not show fight on the details. *Atropos*, otherwise Alice, demanded the sacrifice of his mustache. Tom hinted that old ladies occasionally sported something of the sort. She fired at once: "Not such ugly ones, Sir." Then it was discovered that they had been up since three in the morning piecing together two old calico gowns and a couple of quilts, because over his long legs a skirt, as they called it, came ridiculously short of the floor. They stuffed him back and front with two dolls' pillows, a pillow-case, several pairs of stockings, a towel, and a flannel petticoat; they brought his waist well up under his arms; they got his hands into mitts, put on him a collar broad enough for a main-sail, chalked his eyebrows, painted wrinkles on his cheeks, put patches of court-plaster over his front teeth, adorned his closely-cropped head with their mother's wig, tied on over that a frilled night-cap, and above that a huge bonnet and veil, and finally wrapped him in a cloak that concealed the gown piecing, and pronounced him ready—ready, but Miss Arden was not; something held her fast to the spot.

"God bless you!" she said at last. "The Lord Almighty have you in keeping, and bring you safe to your mother, to liberty, and the flag that we all love. Oh, God keep you! He will keep you; and if there comes to you any great peril take heart, for Alice and I will be here praying for you, and God hears the prayers of those who trust in him."

Jake Buttergood and his wagon were at the door.

"Be careful of your aunt, Jake," said Miss Arden as he helped Tom into the wagon; "and Mrs. Buttergood, I would recommend you, in consideration of your years, not to bounce into wagons like a young kid;" for Tom had cleared the wheel at a single step, to the manifest astonishment of Colonel Lightwood, who, most inopportunely passing, had halted and was curiously taking notes.

"Good-by," cried Alice. "Look well to yourself, Mrs. Buttergood, and don't omit sending the yarn you prom—"

The words were drowned in the clatter of the crazy vehicle, as the gaunt, lean-ribbed horses started off on a floundering gallop, which soon subsided, however, into their ordinary pace of two miles an hour. The farm utensils on the wagon-bottom clattered and banged together, the various baskets and bundles bounced about uneasily. The farmer, nearly double on his seat, seemed taking a nap. "Mrs. Buttergood" beside him heaved a little sigh (for he was somewhat sore at heart when he thought of the two women whom he had left behind him), and swore alternately at the slowness of their pace and the woman's gear, that ripped and split at every move. At last they found themselves fairly out of the streets, past the last guard, and with the open country lying free before them.

"I reckon," said Jake, laying on the whip, "we mought es well put out ter once, fur I'd like hit 'mazin' to git a right smart chance o' stuns atween us and thet yer secesh Cunnel. I karn't say I jes liked the squint of his eyes."

"That is unfortunate; for here he comes now," answered Tom, coolly, pointing toward the tall figure of the rebel Colonel advancing leisurely toward them from the open country. "He has headed us off."

"Thet's so," muttered Jake. "He has piked it yere on thet ar chunk uv a mar' bukletewhit. Ye kin bet high his nose's struck scent, the durned old secesh snake thet he is!"

Meanwhile Colonel Lightwood came leisurely toward the wagon, evidently with the intention of stopping it, yet looking at the horses rather than its occupants.

"Good animals these," he said, stroking them on the neck. "I am looking out for a team myself; what will you take for them, farmer?"

"Karn't say es I'se made up my mind to sell," answered Buttergood, sullenly. "I'se raised 'em with my own han's, and I sets dreffal high on 'em; 'sides, I'se piked it ter my satisfaction in my time, and I allow thet the mars'll hev ter tote me the rest uv my days."

Colonel Lightwood walked suddenly to the other side of the wagon.

"What is your opinion, aunty?" he asked of Tom. "Why, you must be strangling behind that veil. Here! have a little of the fresh air," throwing back the veil, and peering close under the bonnet. Alas! no need for the Colonel's purpose that the wig should have slipped, as unhappily it had, leaving Tom's brown hair in full view; for any owl, even in broad daylight, could have seen through wrinkles painted on a full firm face, and a frilled cap that overshadowed broad bright eyes, meeting the Colonel with steady masculine defiance.

With a sudden move the Colonel untied Mrs. Buttergood's bonnet, saying, with mock politeness:

"Excuse me, madam, but I fancy that I should know you better without this hat; and the cap too —allow me to take it off—ah! you have a wig with it—very unbecoming—there now! you look vastly better, and I find I am quite right. I have an excellent memory for faces, Dr. Graham, and I take strong and sudden likings. I can't part with you on such short acquaintance. I must ask you to accompany me to Chattanooga."

During this harangue and the preliminary disrobing Tom had sat quiet, hardly stirring an eyelash, to the huge disgust of Jake, who sat there muttering, "Durn 'em! wull he set thar loike a sheep?" But as the Colonel, who should have known better, looking into those burning, steadfast eyes, emphasized his demand by laying his hand on Tom's wrist, he swung his right arm suddenly free of the cloak, and before Lightwood could draw back, or even call out, dealt him a blow with the butt end of his revolver that laid him on the ground, to all appearance dead.

"Thet's the tork," shouted Buttergood; "ye ar a trump, ye ar, arter all. And now, I reckon, the sooner we mosey off the better. Thet ar'll hev the hull kuntry arter us soon es he kin crawl, ye'd better b'lieve."

Tom looked at the horses doubtfully; a distracted gallop of three minutes, dying off continually into a crawl, was not the most effective way of "moseyin" to advantage certainly. Still, as Jake remarked, "even a wurrum'll get thar ef ye on'y guv him time enuff," and toward the close of the day they came in sight of the dark and sullen river, the dilapidated house of the ferryman, and the old flat, their only means of crossing, moored near it. Buttergood went to find the ferryman, and came back with him in tow, but looking crest-fallen. The ferryman positively refused to cross.

"Orders is to ferry no one, not a durn one, and durn me ef I do. I ain't sech a dingnation-borned fool to kerry any durned, sneakin', white-livered traitor to the Yanks, and pull hemp fur it. When I stretch my neck it'ull be fur somethin' a powerful sight better'n thet, ye kin bet."

"You prefer shooting to neck-stretching, eh?" asked Tom.

"Whot—whot's thet?" stammered the ferryman, a little staggered by this old lady, who broke in on the conversation in a deep bass voice.

"I say, my friend," repeated Tom, stripping off his disguise, "that the men who gave you those orders can't possibly hang you before next week—time enough to run; but unless you listen to reason I will shoot you now where you stand, as there is a God in heaven. We are two to one. We are not anxious to kill you. On the contrary, here is a sort of currency that I fancy you haven't seen very lately," producing some gold pieces, "and you shall be paid for the job. But we mean to cross this afternoon," tapping his revolver with a significance that needed no words.

So the cowed hound, seeing no alternative, unmoored the flat, and sullenly enough set about his work; and Graham, standing on the side nearest the opposite shore, drank in the air as if it were liberty.

"Ye kin say yer ter hum now," said Jake, who had been watching him with evident sympathy. "When ye tech the shore jes take the bush, and pike hit plumb east till ye make a housen in a deadnin'. Thet's Tim Burke's housen. Tell him I sent ye. He'll forrerd ye as keerful as ef ye war glass sent by mail. And ef it warn't fur the fambly, or I wur a leetle younger, ye shouldn't travil by yerself."

Graham shook him heartily by the hand.

"No need of saying good-by, farmer. I am coming back—in another uniform."

"Thet's the tork; and Cunnel, ef ye git a chance, guv the rebs a leetle brimstun' for me, wull ye?"

Graham did come back, and in the Federal uniform, as he had promised, and from time to time letters found their way to Alice Arden, signed T. G. In home letters from that young gentleman we find him mentioning incidentally "that his friends the Ardens have left Chattanooga and removed to Nashville;" and later on, after the occupation of that city by our forces, come on a pleasant conclusion of the whole matter in a newspaper mention of the marriage of a Miss Arden with Captain Thomas Graham, U. S., one of our most efficient officers.

THE POOR WOMAN.

It snows! it snows! and yonder, at God's porch,
  Upon her knees, a woman old doth pray;
While through her rags the northeast cold doth search,
  It is for bread she prayeth, day by day.
Groping alone through the cathedral-yard,
  Winter and summer season cometh she.
Poor woman! she is blind. O Fortune hard!
  Let us bestow on her our charity!

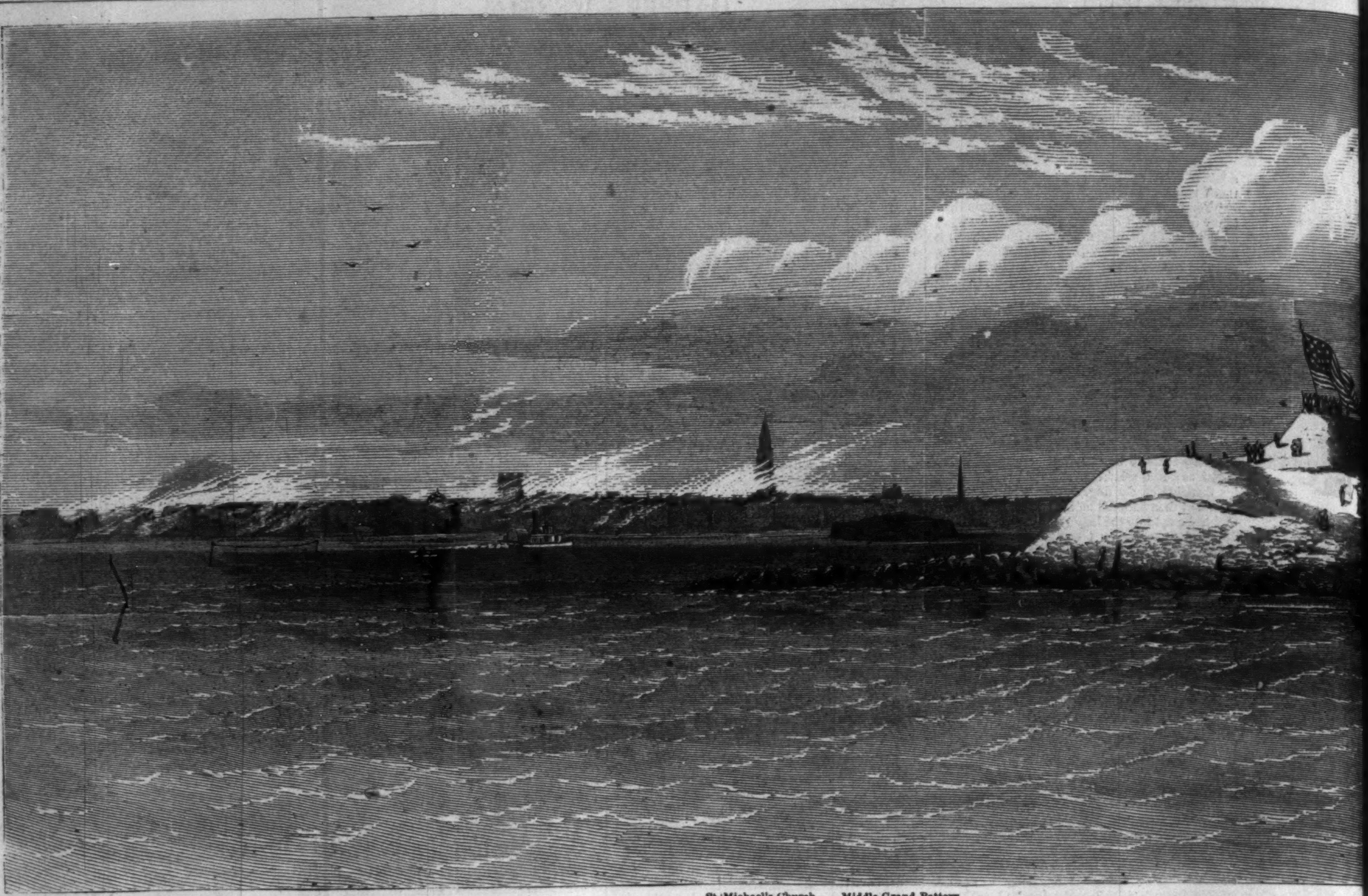
Remember ye what this old wretch has been,
  With her poor cheeks so meagre and so white?
Once was she of our theatre the queen,
  Her songs the town enraptured with delight.
The young, amid their laughter and their tears,
  Of her great beauty raved enthusiastly;
And all their charmèd dreams reflected hers:
  Let us bestow on her our charity!

How many times, along the homeward street,
  Her chariot's speed could scarce outrun the crowd;
Above the clatter of her horses' feet
  She heard the echoes of applauses loud.
To hand her from her carriage to her door,
  To tend her every pace voluptuously,
How many rivals watch'd her steps before!—
  Let us bestow on her our charity!

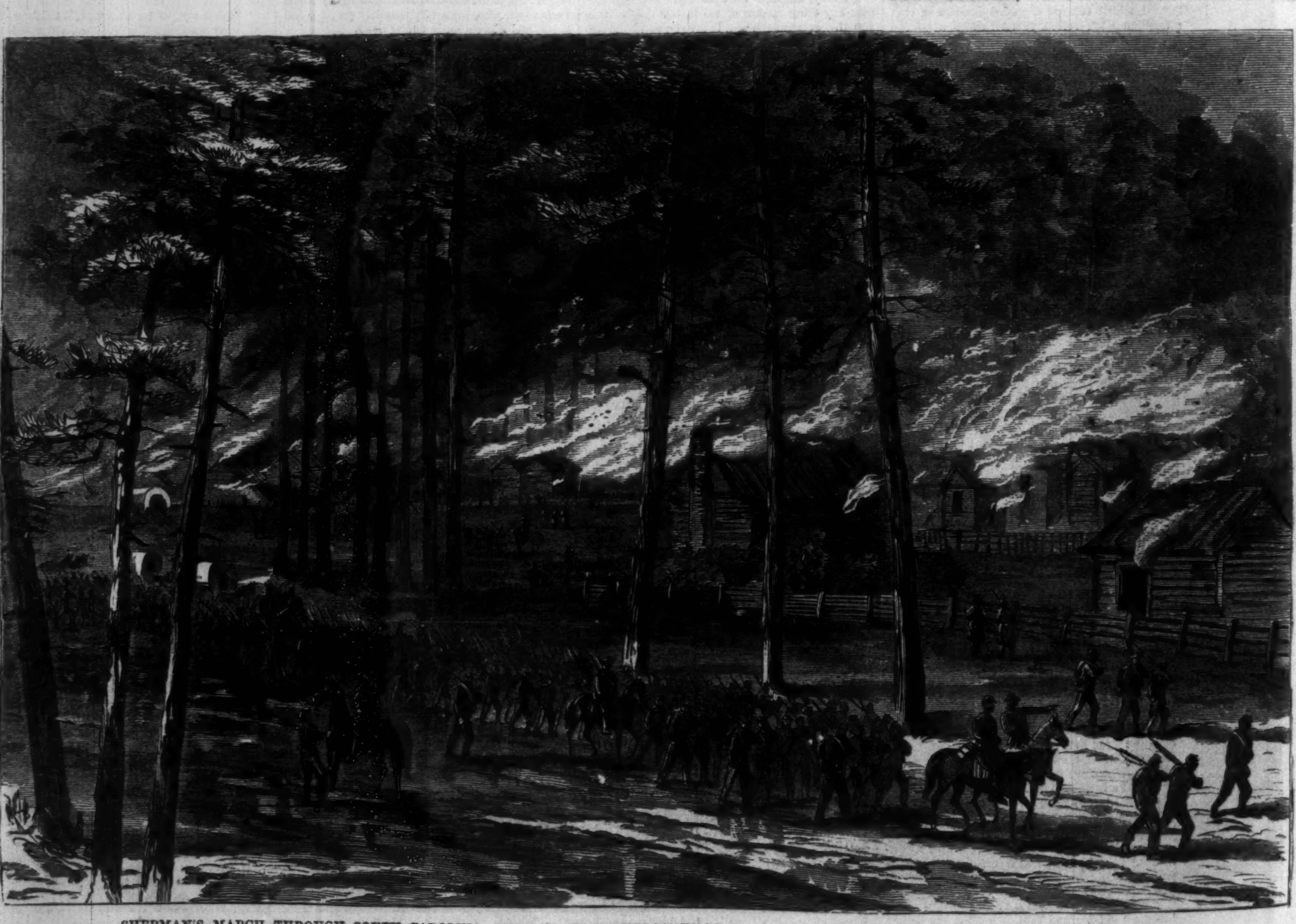
When all the Arts were wreathing crowns for her
  How full of pomp was her high dwelling-place!
How many crystals, bronzes, columns were
  As loving tribute brought, her love to grace!
How many poet-lovers, at her feasts,
  Quaff'd of the cup of her prosperity!
Your palaces have all their swallow-nests!
  Let us bestow on her our charity!

Oh sad reverse! an illness bow'd her head,
  Broke her sweet voice, and dimm'd her beauty's sheen;
And soon, alone and poor, she begg'd her bread,
  Where for these twenty years her place hath been.
No hand knew better how to scatter gold,
  Or with more goodness, than this hand which she
So hesitatingly to us doth hold.—
  Let us bestow on her our charity!

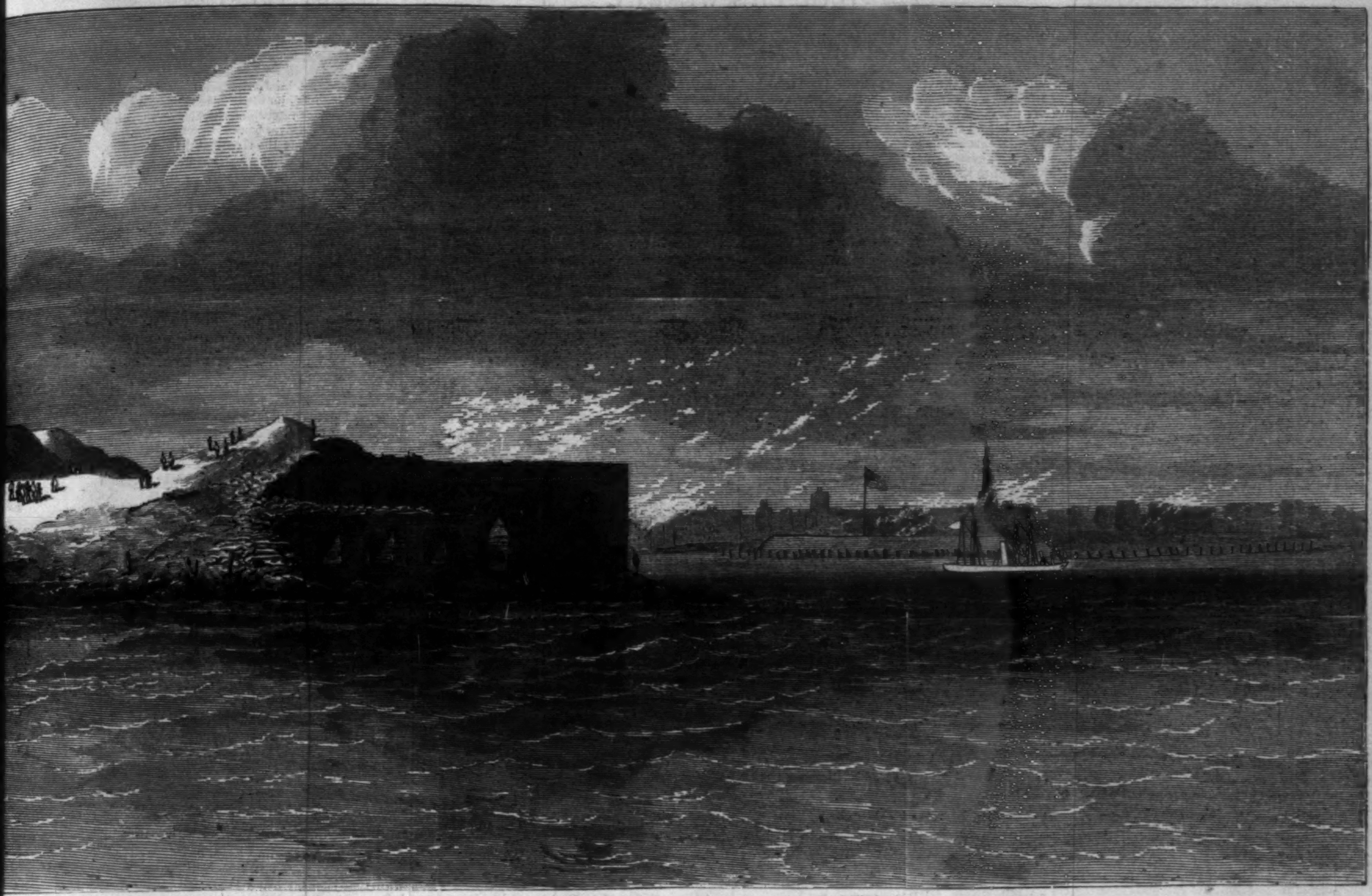
The cold grows colder; woe and misery!
  See, now the cold is stiffening every limb;
Her fingers scarce can lift the rosary
  That blesses her wan lips with smiles so dim.
Under so many ills if her poor heart
  Is able yet to feed on piety,
That her last trust in Heaven may not depart,
  Let us bestow on her our charity!


St. Michael's Church.
Middle Grand Battery.

FORT SUMTER, IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—From



SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA—BURNING OF M'PHERSONVILLE, February 1, 1865.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 133.]



Castle Pinckney.

Recent Sketch by William Waud.—[See Page 133.]

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA—ADVANCE FROM M'PHERSONVILLE, February 1, 1865.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 133.]

ASLEEP.

He lay beside the bivouac fire
While slowly waned the troubled night
Which nearer brought to us the dire
Dark hours of one Virginia fight.
I could not sleep; and so the while
He slept and dreamed I watched his face,
And nearer stepped, as once a smile
Caress'd it with its soft embrace.

His lips moved gently, and betrayed
A name, the name Christ's mother bore;
And then, as if in dreams afraid
To tell his secret, spoke no more.
Slowly his eyes unclosed; and when
He saw me by him, blushes came
To light his boyish features; then
I smiled, and spoke the whispered name.

"You heard me, Sir?" Half shy, he seemed
Wishing, reluctant still, to tell
What of his Mary he had dreamed,
How he had loved her long and well.
The old, old story—old as pain,
As sorrow, life, and death can be:
For well we know Love's lightest chain
Wears often sadly, wearily.

He guessed my thoughts. "I did not mean,"
He said, "to whisper aught of her:
But in my vision I have seen
(Or seemed to see) the spots that were
Our trysting-places, and to take
Her hand in mine, to faintly call
'Dear Mary!' and at last to break
My long reserve and tell her all.

"Waking or sleeping, night and day,
Her sad, sweet face seems always near.
I see it in the battle's fray,
And through the tumult still I hear
The tremulous music of her tone—
Nay, sometimes almost think I press
Her hand again, no more alone
Amid War's heartless wilderness."

Pausing a moment, while a light
Of sad foreboding dimly shone
In his blue eyes. "To-morrow's fight
May leave my Mary all alone.
I know we soldiers should not shed
These childish tears; but you will tell
My darling one, when I am dead,
In death I love her just as well!"

* * * * * * *

Under the grand old forest-boughs,
Where first we met the demon storm
And breasted out its fiercest blows,
I found his still, recumbent form.
Again he slept; but not again
To waken at my reverent tread.
No dreams disturbed him now; love's chain
Rests lightly on the happy dead.

"WHO DID IT?"

About half a mile from the village of Poaktown, facing the high-road to Balston, and separated from the river Poak by a small garden and a belt of trees, is a long, low cottage, known in the neighborhood as "The Building." It originally consisted of two cottages, and went by the name of "Marwood's Buildings;" but who Marwood was, and what had led him to build such awkward cottages, had escaped the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Mr. Joseph Vance, who was a spare-built, clean-shaven man of about forty, with gray hair and no whiskers, and with nothing remarkable about him, except a deep cut over his right eyebrow, had now been occupying the building for a little over a year. When he first came into the neighborhood the gossips of Poaktown had speculated a great deal as to who and what he was, but without any basis for their conjectures. He never himself volunteered any information as to his previous life, except that on one occasion he had been heard to say something, which led to the inference that he had been a sea-captain. People, too, who had been inside "the building" since Vance's tenancy, had noticed the drawing of a ship, and some shells lying about the room. This was considered enough to confirm his statement, and on the strength of it the village called him the Captain.

Nothing more was known of the Captain, and curiosity about him had nearly died out, when Sarah Epps, on her return from Stokemouth, where she had been on a visit to her sister, who had married a pilot at that flourishing sea-port, brought news about him, which set the village ears tingling for some time. The pilot, her brother-in-law, remembered the Captain when he was in the China trade, and Sarah was full of stories of smuggling, and even piracy, in which the Captain had taken a leading part. But then all knew that Sarah was an incorrigible gossip, and that any story under her management would grow considerably. The Captain meanwhile troubled himself very little about the village talk, living a quiet life in his lonely cottage, with his only servant, a buxom widow of thirty-five. Sarah Epps had been heard to say that she was more than a servant to him, but then nobody minded Sarah.

About the time our story commences the Captain had got into some trouble. His landlord, an easy-going, well-to-do tradesman of Poaktown, began to think that, as he expressed it, he should like to see the color of the Captain's money. The house had been occupied for more than a year, and not a penny of rent had as yet been paid. The fact had for some time been gradually dawning on the neighbors that, since the first months he had occupied the building, ready money had not been plentiful with the Captain, and that for the last eight or nine months little or nothing had been paid for. The sums owing were not large, for the Captain lived a quiet, simple life. But it was reckoned that, altogether, they must amount to over £100; and that was a serious sum to the village tradesmen, and to all appearance a very difficult one for the Captain to pay. He was dunned, and legal proceedings were threatened, but all attempts to get money were only met by civil excuses. The patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted, when one day a circular letter was sent to them, appointing a meeting for twelve o'clock on the following Monday, "when," the Captain wrote, "he would satisfy all claims, as a legacy left by a distant relation had been paid in to his account at the Balston Bank."

On Saturday the Captain walked into Poaktown, and hired a gig at the King's Arms to take him to Balston. Johnny Wilson, the landlord's son, drove him to the bank at Balston, where he staid about ten minutes, and came out at the end of that time buttoning into the breast-pocket of his coat a fat-looking pocket-book. Johnny then waited for him while he made a few purchases in the town, and then drove him straight home to the "building."

At six o'clock on Sunday morning the inhabitants of the quiet High Street of Poaktown were aroused by a violent knocking at the door of the police-station. The policeman who was on night duty opened the door, and Mary Edgecombe, white with terror and panting with exertion, nearly fell into his arms, gasping out that her master, the Captain, had been robbed and murdered in the night. The inspector was immediately called, and the whole available police force of the village, consisting of two policemen, set off with him for the building. Mary Edgecombe, who seemed utterly prostrated, remained under the care of the inspector's wife.

On reaching the "building" the inspector found the front undisturbed, the windows closed, and the doors locked. On going round to the back, the door leading from the sitting-room to the garden, which sloped down to the river, was found to be open, and on entering the sitting-room drops of blood were seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden-door. On the staircase itself the drops of blood were more frequent. The bedroom, however, was clearly the place where the murder had been committed. The table by the window had been pushed out of its place; the only two chairs in the room were lying on the floor. The bed, which had not been slept in, was deluged with blood, and in the middle of it was a deep indentation, as if a heavy body had been pressed down upon it. A large clasp-knife stained with blood was lying on the pillow, and by the door on the floor was an open pocket-book. So much the inspector saw at a glance as he entered. He took the pocket-book and looked carefully through it: it was empty; but lying near it, and behind the door, was a piece of neatly-folded paper. It had evidently fallen from the pocket-book while the murderer was emptying the contents. It was a half-sheet of note-paper folded in three, and written on it were the numbers and value of forty-two bank-notes, the total of which amounted to £270. Here was a clew at once. The murderer, evidently wishing to carry about him nothing which might aid detection, had left the pocket-book behind, but in his hurry had overlooked this paper. Policeman Jones was immediately sent off to Balston with the paper, to inquire of the bank-manager whether those were the numbers of the notes which had been paid to the Captain the day before, and, if so, to take measures to stop them. He also received orders to telegraph immediately to Scotland Yard an account of the murder, and any facts he might ascertain at Balston.

So far so good; but where, after all, was the body? From the blood on the stairs and in the sitting-room, and the open garden-door, it was presumed that it had been removed from the house. After locking the bedroom door the inspector proceeded to the garden. Outside the door on the grass were the footprints of a man, the toes pointing toward the house, and the heels deeply indented in the soft earth. The rest of the footprints were partially obliterated, as if something heavy had been dragged over them. The murderer must have gone out of the sitting-room backward, dragging the body of his victim after him. Across the small grass-plot, and half-way through the belt of trees, the footsteps continued: there they ceased. On the soft mud and leaves was an impression as if a long heavy body had been laid there; near this impression, lying on the ground, was a spade, and at the distance of a few feet the ground had been dug up as if it had been intended to bury the body there. This project, however, had been almost immediately given up, for the work was scarcely begun. The murderer had been interrupted, or perhaps had thought of a better plan for disposing of the body. But where? The policeman and the inspector looked at one another: they had come to the same conclusion. "In the river, of course!" Sure enough, on the river bank the footprints were again found. This time they pointed forward, and not backward, and the impression was clear and sharp. The body must have been carried. The river at this point was deep and sluggish: there would be little difficulty in dragging it. Drags were sent for, and the inspector went home to breakfast, leaving a policeman in charge of the premises, with orders to admit no one except on business.

The inspector had hardly finished his breakfast when policeman Jones returned from Balston. He had been eminently successful. The bank-manager had identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank-notes paid the day before to the Captain. The money, it appeared, had been paid to him in pursuance of an order contained in a letter received that Saturday morning from their London correspondents, Cowie, Nabob, & Co., the great China and Indian bankers. Jones had then made inquiries in the town and at the railway station. At the station he found that a man in a great-coat and wide-awake hat, who was muffled up in a comforter, and who seemed to avoid observation, had left that morning for London by the 5.30 train. He had offered a £5 note in payment for his ticket. The clerk remembered this, from the difficulty he had in getting change so early on the Sunday morning. The note was produced, and found to be one of those stolen from the Captain. A description of the man and orders for his apprehension had been telegraphed to London, and an answer had been received, stating that the police were on the murderer's track, but that, to make all safe, a detective would be in Poaktown by the middle of the day.

Mary Edgecombe, who had partially recovered from her fright, was now taken to the building. She identified the clasp-knife, pocket-book, and various articles of clothing which were lying about the Captain's room as belonging to him. She stated that she had gone to bed at nine o'clock on the previous night; that the Captain was then still in the sitting-room; and that she had heard no noise during the night. She was positive that no one was in the house when she went to bed except herself and the Captain. But the garden door was often left unlocked, and could then be opened from the outside. The inspector was satisfied. The motive was clear enough; the police were close upon the murderer's track; all that was now wanted was the body.

He turned to the river, pleased at the promptness and energy he had shown, and chuckling to think that the London detective would find nothing to do when he did arrive. The drags had now been at work for some time, but without success. The river had been dragged up and down, and sidewise and across, and at every conceivable angle, but no body had been found. The inspector was getting impatient, when a gig drove up to the building, and a dapper little man in a frock-coat buttoned to his chin, and with a heavy black mustache, jumped out. The crowd which had collected by this time made way respectfully, for it was whispered that the stranger was no other than detective Perkins from London.

In a few minutes the detective had heard all that the inspector had to tell.

"Wait one moment," said he, "let's get it all straight. All the village, you say, knew the Captain would have money to pay his debts to-morrow?"

The inspector nodded.

"Which amounted in all to £100, more or less?"

The inspector nodded again.

"And he drew out of the bank £270. Was that the whole legacy?"

"It was."

"He didn't want £270 to pay £100, did he?"

This was a new light to the inspector, who shook his head cautiously.

"From whom did the order to pay the money come?"

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co."

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co.," repeated Perkins, referring to his note-book; "the great China house. And you suspect no one?"

"No one except the man who passed the note."

"Of course. But this woman who lived with him—" suggested Perkins.

The inspector shook his head. "It's a man's doing. She wouldn't have the strength. Besides, the footprints are a man's all over."

"No one who had a grudge against him?"

"There were a good many that couldn't get their money from him, but that's not enough to account for this," said the inspector, jerking his thumb toward the river.

They entered the building. The crowd outside were getting more excited. They thought that now the London detective had come the murderer would soon be dragged from his hiding-place and handed over to justice. Time, however, went on, and Perkins was still inspecting the premises, while his character was rapidly falling in the opinion of the crowd outside.

"He's no conjuror. I told ye so afore," said one sturdy countryman who had been a skeptic from the first. And this time his assertion did not meet with the disapprobation it had called forth when pronounced half an hour before. The crowd were tired of waiting.

Perkins meanwhile, unconscious of hostile criticism, had looked over the kitchen and Mary's bedroom, but without making any discovery. When he came to the Captain's bedroom he stood in the middle of it and took a general survey. He then proceeded to the details. He raised the chairs, and then put them down again in their original positions, repeating this operation two or three times, and watching with great interest how they fell. Then he came to the bed. He looked at it from all points: first a full view, then a three-quarters, then one side view, and then the other side view, till he had exhausted it and the patience of the inspector. He then stood and mentally threw himself upon it in such a position as to make the impression which still remained on it. There was some hitch, for he shook his head. He pulled out the drawers, and examined the wardrobe of the deceased man. A pair of boots lying in the corner of the room next attracted his attention. He examined them carefully. Something in the lining of one of them seemed to interest him, for he brought out his pocket-book and referred to something written in it. He then examined the boot again, and seemed satisfied, for he pocketed it.

"Boots, I suppose, are the Captain's?"

"Yes, his servant identifies them," said the inspector, who was rapidly coming round to the opinion of the crowd outside. What on earth could it matter whether the Captain had two or three pairs of boots? At last Perkins finished his examination of the bedroom, and went down stairs inspecting each stair as he went. These were apparently more satisfactory, for his face brightened considerably, and after he had been shown the traces of blood along the floor of the sitting-room, it had expanded into a broad grin.

"You see how it was done?" asked the inspector, whose opinion of Perkins had by this time reached the lowest ebb. Perkins smiled, he was not the man to commit himself. He walked to the table, and turned over the books and papers till he found some sheets of blotting-paper. These he examined attentively, holding them up to the light, and turning them in every possible direction. The result seemed to be satisfactory, for he pocketed them.

The footprints in the garden, the half-dug grave under the trees, and the impression in the wet leaves seemed to interest him little. He examined them, but only like one preoccupied with his own thoughts. They came to the river bank.

"We're dragging the river," said the inspector, pointing to the two boats which had now been working unsuccessfully for some hours.

"Ah yes!" said Perkins, as if he thought that the necessity of doing so had never struck him.

"The man's a fool," thought the inspector.

"And now about this Captain," said Perkins, choosing the clearest footprint he could find in the soft mud, and pulling the boot out of his pocket. "His name is Vance, you say. What is he captain of?"

"Nothing that I know of, but they do say that he has been a captain in the China trade."

"China?" repeated Perkins, as if the idea of that country gave him exquisite delight.

"Yes, China," repeated the inspector, gruffly. He was losing all patience; how on earth did such a born idiot ever become a detective?

"What sort of man is he?"

"Tall, spare-built, about forty, gray hair, and no whiskers."

"Deep cut over the right eyebrow," added Perkins, quietly, as he stooped and fitted the boot into the impression.

"Yes," said the inspector, puzzled at Perkins's knowledge.

"He never went by that name here, did he?" said Perkins, handing the boot to the inspector, on the lining of which was written "A. Compton."

"Never," He was getting more and more puzzled.

"Compton, alias Watkins, alias Crowder, and now alias Vance; I've wanted him these two years," said Perkins, cheerfully. "I've got him now."

"Yes," said the inspector, grimly, "he's safe enough there." And he jerked his head toward the river.

"Bless you," laughed Perkins, "he's nearer China by this time. He'll die with a rope round his neck yet. It's a plant, man; don't you see he has murdered himself, and bolted with the swag. That room somehow looked queer. It was overdone: too much blood, and too regular. When I found that boot, I thought how it was, and this settled it," said Perkins, pulling the sheets of blotting-paper out of his pocket, and holding them to the inspector. There, all over them, were the words Cowie, Nabob, & Co., in a neat clerk-like hand, with that peculiar flourish at the end which those who have dealings with that eminent house know so well. "That letter to the Balston Bank is a forgery; it's not the first time he has served Cowie, Nabob, & Co. this trick. He was in their London counting-house for five years, came over with a forged character, robbed them to the tune of £2000, and bolted. He's been smuggling and thieving all over the world since then. But when's the next train to town? I wouldn't miss him for any thing."

Perkins was right. The manager of the Balston Bank found to his astonishment that Cowie, Nabob, & Co. repudiated the letter which purported to bear their signature. It was a forgery. On the following Tuesday the Captain was arrested at the London Docks, as he was booking his passage for Melbourne, and at the next Balston assize he was tried by the name of Joseph Vance, on a charge of forgery, and sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life. His creditors at Poaktown were the only persons who regretted him.

ORDEAL BY TOUCH.

Some years ago a gentleman of the name of Elcock resided in Barbadoes. His gentleness and kindness to his slaves were proverbial, and they were all in appearance deeply attached to him. One negro in particular, who had been selected for his intelligence and readiness as Mr. Elcock's body-servant or valet, was admitted into much of his master's confidence and intimacy, and the pleasant relations between them were well known to all the neighborhood.

On one occasion Mr. Elcock, reflecting that the diligence and affection of his servant might be enhanced by granting his freedom, made out an instrument of manumission by which the man was to be liberated from slavery as soon as he (Mr. Elcock) deceased. He acquainted his valet with his intention, who expressed his joy and gratitude profusely, but seemed a little disappointed at not receiving an immediate freedom. Mr. Elcock explained that the only reason for this postponement of his release was to avoid making an invidious distinction between one of his servants and the rest of the establishment, who were, not unnaturally, a little jealous of the favorite. Matters were thus arranged, and all seemed to go on as before.

One morning, however, one of the servants, coming to Mr. Elcock's room with his early cup of coffee, discovered his master lying across the bed with his throat barbarously cut from ear to ear. Alarm was given, and soon the news spread far and wide that Mr. Elcock had been robbed and murdered by some enemy. The valet, who slept in the next room, and had to be awakened in the morning by the discoverer of the murder, was distracted with grief: he tore his hair, and gave way to extravagant grief, calling on "his dear master," "his poor, loved master," etc., and vowing vengeance on the assassins. No suspicion of course attached to him, as every one was aware of the intimacy and affection which existed between Mr. Elcock and himself. Unfortunately for him, however, he exaggerated his complaints so transparently, that a gentleman of the inquest, who was well acquainted with the superstitions of the Africans, determined on a public trial of the servants of the establishment. One by one the slaves were summoned into the room where the murdered man lay blanched, and with all traces of his wounds concealed by the grave-clothes. One of his hands, however, which had suffered in the struggle for life, was left bare, and composed decently on his chest. The slaves passed through the dead man's chamber, some with dread, some in tears, none with indifference. At length came the confidential servant, wringing his hands and exhibiting excessive grief. The inquisitor bade him go to the corpse and touch its hand. The man smiled and made a ghastly effort to speak, but his lips were white and his face twitching with fear. The juror, with a laughing expression of confidence in his innocence, now seized his hand and approached the body. With a face bedabbled with sweat, and with knees knocking together, the valet neared the corpse; his hand almost touched his master's inanimate fingers, when, with a shriek, he fell on the floor with the horrible confession pouring from his lips. He had been discovered by his fear that the murdered man's blood would flow when the guilty hand touched its victim.

So his superstition convicted him, and by the side of his murdered benefactor he told the hideous story of murder and ingratitude.

IN THE RING.

IT was a most difficult position. An invasion vi et armis, by six charming girls, upon the house of an elderly doctor, of small practice, slowly diminishing, in an out-of-the-way uninteresting town, whose few inhabitants live upon any thing and do nothing. Yet, such was my fortune, I, Adam Black, commonly called Uncle Adam, probably for the excellent reason of my being uncle to nobody, and therefore to every body, including these charming girls who had now made a raid upon me. So happy, laughing, loving, were they; full of admiration of all they saw—Uncle Adam's house and garden, Uncle Adam's pony-chaise, and, they were pleased to say, Uncle Adam's agreeable society, that I should have been more than man if my heart had not speedily found itself riddled through and through.

"And now, uncle, since we mean to stay till to-morrow, how do you mean to amuse us?"

"I'll tell you what, girls," said I, driven to sudden desperation by the youngest's proposing Readings from Young's Night Thoughts, and Pollok's Course of Time, by way of passing the evening, "I'll take you to the circus."

I saw a slight smile flit over three of the six pretty—well, the six nice-looking faces—for pleasant women always look nice to me.

I assured them it was a most talented company, which had been in the town three months, and the troupe were highly respectable people (indeed, I had attended one of them professionally, but I did not think it necessary to state this). Moreover, I had been there myself, with a small patient who wanted a treat, and had enjoyed the evening as much as the child did. In short, as I told them, if my "nieces," though such stylish young ladies, would only condescend to make themselves children for the nonce, to take pleasure in the innocent childish folly (there was a most capital clown, by-the-by), I would answer for it they would be exceedingly well amused.

So they put on hats and shawls—no need of white gloves and opera cloaks here—and off we sallied, through the cool bright autumn evening, to the quiet street where the circus was, a large wooden, temporary building. I had passed it often on my walks into town, but took little notice of it, and no interest in it; according to the commonly received fact, that one half the world neither knows nor cares how the other half lives—till my accidental visit lately.

Since then I had often paused to listen in passing to the sounds within, the band playing, and the horses galloping; to wonder if that bonnie bit girlie were still bounding through the flower-enwreathed hoops, and that agile boy turning somersaults after her, both on their "fiery steeds." Above all, what sort of thing was that "Wondrous performance of Signor Uberto on the Flying Trapeze," which had been announced night after night as the climax of attraction?

Poor Signor Uberto! it was him whom I had been doctoring; he had a sore hand, which incapacitated him from professional duty. He seemed a very quiet, respectable young fellow, and his name was John Stone. Of course I did not think it necessary to tell all this to my satirical young ladies; besides, a doctor's confidence should be always sacred, even if his patient be a circus performer.

The performances had already begun when we entered. From boxes and gallery were stretched out a mass of those honest eager faces which always make a minor theatre, or an accidental dramatic entertainment in the provinces, so very amusing. All were intently watching the careering round and round that magic "ring" of two beautiful horses, ridden by a boy and girl in the character of the "Highland Laddie and Lassie."

Ridden did I say? It was more like floating, flying, dancing—in and out, up and down—twirling and attitudinizing in one another's arms—changing horses—galloping wildly, both on one horse. The boy was slim and graceful—the girl—why, she was a perfect little fairy, with her white frock, her tartan scarf, and the hood tying back her showers of light curly hair, that tossed, and whirled, and swirled in all directions. Whether she stood, knelt, balanced herself on one leg, or wreathed herself about, in the supple way that these gymnasts do, she was equally picturesque. The little creature seemed to enjoy it so herself; smiled, not with the dancer's stereotyped grin, but a broad, honest, childish smile, as she leaped down, made her final courtesy, and bounded along through the exit under the boxes.

But I can not specify each of the performances, though, I confess, after-events photographed them all sharply on my mind.

The last entertainment of the evening was the Flying Trapeze. Not every body knows what a trapeze is; a series of handles, made of short poles suspended at either end by elastic ropes, and fastened to the roof, at regular intervals, all across the stage. These handles are swung to and fro by the performer or his assistant; and the feat is to catch each one, swing backward and forward with it, and then to spring on to the next one, producing to the eyes of the audience, for a brief second or two, exactly the appearance of flying. Of course the great difficulty lies in choosing the precise moment for the spring, and calculating accurately your grasp of the next handle, since, if you missed it—

"Ah," said my eldest niece, with a slight shudder, "now I see the meaning of those mattresses, which they are laying so carefully under the whole line of the trapeze. And I understand why that man, who walks about giving directions, is so very particular in seeing that the handles are fastened securely. He looks anxious too, I fancy."

"Well he may. He is Signor Uberto's father."

"Then, is it any thing very dangerous, or frightful? Perhaps we had better go?"

But it was too late, or we fancied it was. Besides, for myself, I did not wish to leave. That strange excitement which impels us often to stop and see the end of a thing, dreadful though it may be, or else some feeling for which I was utterly unable to account, kept me firm in my place. For just then, entering quickly by the usual door, appeared a small slight young man, who looked a mere boy indeed, and in his white tight-fitting dress, that showed every muscle of an exceedingly delicate and graceful frame, was a model for a sculptor. He had long light hair, tied back with a ribbon, after the fashion of acrobats, and thin pale features, very firm and still. This was the Signor Uberto, who was going once more to risk his life—as every trapeze performer must risk it—for our night's amusement.

He stood, while his father carefully tried the fastenings of each handle, and examined the platform on which were laid the mattresses. But the youth himself did not look at any thing. Perhaps he was so used to it that the performance seemed safe and natural—perhaps he felt it was useless to think whether it were so or not, since he must perform. Or, possibly, he took all easy, and did not think of any thing.

But I could not help putting myself into the place of the young man, and wondering whether he really did recognize any danger, more especially as I saw, lurking and watching in the exit corner, somebody belonging to him—the young woman in black, who was his sister, I concluded, since when I visited him she had brought lint and rags and helped me to tie up his sore hand. Over this hand his father was exceedingly anxious, because every day's loss of performance was a loss to the treasury. This was the first day of the Signor's reappearance, and the circus was full to the roof.

Popularity is seldom without a reason, and I do not deny that the flying trapeze is a very curious and even beautiful sight. In this case the extreme grace of the performer added to its charm. He mounted, agile as a deer, the high platform at the end of the circus, and swung himself off by the elastic ropes, clinging only with his hands, his feet extended, like one of the floating figures in pictures of saints or fairies. His father, standing opposite, and watching intently his time—for a second might prove either too late or too soon—threw the other trapeze forward to meet him. The young man dropped lightly into it, hanging a moment in air between whiles, apparently as easily as if he had been born to fly, then gave himself another swing, and alighted safely at the far end of the platform.

This feat he accomplished twice, thrice, four times, each time with some slight variation, and more gracefully than the last, followed by a low murmur of applause—the people were too breathless to shout. The fifth time, when one had grown so familiar with the performance that one had almost ceased to shudder, and began to regard the performer not as a human creature at all, with flesh and blood and bones, but as some painted puppet, or phantasmal representation on a wall—the fifth time he missed his grasp of the second trapeze, and fell.

It was so sudden—one moment the sight of that flying figure—the next, a crash on the mattressed platform, on its edge, from which rolled off a helpless something, falling with a heavy thud on the saw-dust floor below.

I heard a scream—it might be from one of my girls, but I could not heed them. Before I well knew where I was, I found myself with the young man's head on my knee, trying to keep off the crowd that pressed round.

"Is he dead?"

"Na, na—he's no deid. Give him some whisky. He's coming to, puir laddie!"

But he did not "come to," not for hours, until I had had him taken to the nearest available place—which happened to be my own house, for his lodgings were at the other end of the town.

All the long night that I sat by the poor young man's bedside, I felt somehow as if I had murdered him, or helped to do it. For had I not "followed the multitude to do evil," added my seven half-crowns to tempt him, or rather the skin-flint father who was making money by him, to risk his life for our amusement? True, he would have done it all the same had I not been there; but still I was there. I and my young ladies had swelled the number which had lured him on to his destruction, and I felt very guilty. What they felt, poor dears, I do not know; it was quite impossible for me to take any heed of them. My whole attention was engrossed by the case. I wonder if people suppose us surgeons hardened because we get into the habit of speaking of our fellow-creatures merely as "a case."

No one hindered my doing what I would with my patient, so I had him removed to my own room—the spare rooms being occupied—examined him, and set a simple fracture of the arm, which was the only visible injury. Then I sat and watched him, as conscience-stricken as if I had been one of the old Roman emperors at a gladiator show, or a modern Spanish lady at a bull-fight, or a fast young English nobleman hiring rooms at the Old Bailey in order to witness a judicial murder. For had I not sat calmly by, a spectator of what was neither more nor less than murder?

Somebody behind me seemed to guess at my thought.

"If he had died, doctor, I should always have said he had been murdered."

There was an intensity in the voice which quite startled me, for she had kept so quietly in the background that I had scarcely noticed her till now—the young woman in black. She was not a pretty young woman—perhaps not young at all—being so deeply pitted with small-pox that her age became doubtful to guess at; but she had kind, soft eyes, an intelligent forehead, and an excessively sweet voice.

If there is one thing more than another by which I judge a woman, it is her voice; not her set "company" voice, but the tone she speaks in ordinarily or accidentally. *That* never deceives. Looks may. I have known fair-faced, blue-eyed angels, and girls with features as soft and lovely as houris, who could talk in most dulcet fashion till something crossed them, and then out came the hard metallic ring, which always indicates that curse of womanhood—worst of all faults except untruthfulness—*temper*. And I have heard voices, belonging to the plainest of faces, which were deep and soft, and low like a thrush's in an April garden. I would rather marry the woman that owned such a voice than the prettiest woman in the world.

This young woman had one, and I liked her instantaneously.

"Who are you, my dear?" I whispered. "His sister?"

"He has none—nor brother either."

"His cousin, then?"

"No."

I looked my next question, and she answered it with the simple honesty I expected from the owner of that voice:

"John and I were play-fellows; then we kept company five years, and meant to be married next month. His father was against it, or it would have been sooner. But Johnny wished to stop trapezing and settle in some other line; and old Stone wanted money, and wouldn't let him go. At last they agreed for six more performances, and this was the first of the six."

"He'll never perform more," said I, involuntarily.

"No, he couldn't with that arm. I am very thankful for it," said she, with a touching desperate clutch at the brightest side of things.

How could I tell her what I began every hour more to dread, that the broken arm was the least injury which had befallen the young man; that I feared one of those concussions to the spine, which are often produced by a fall from a height, or a railway injury, and which, without any external wound, cripples the sufferer for years or for life.

"No, he never shall do any thing o' that sort again," continued she. "Father or no father, I'll not have him murdered." And there came a hard fierceness into her eyes, like that of a creature who has long been hunted down, and at last suddenly turns at bay.

"Where is his father? he has not come near him."

"Of course not. He's a precious coward is Old Stone, and as sharp as a needle after money, or at keeping away when money's likely to be wanted. But don't be afraid. I've myself got enough to pay you, Sir. That's all the better. He is *my* Johnny now."

This was the most of our conversation, carried on at intervals and in whispers during the night. My fellow-watcher sat behind the curtain, scarcely moving, except to do some feminine office, such as building up the fire noiselessly, coal by coal, as nurses know how, handing me any thing I required of food or medicine. Or else she sat motionless with her eyes fixed on the death-white face; but she never shed a tear. Not till, in the dawn of morning, the young man woke up in his right senses, and spoke feebly, but articulately:

"Doctor, thank you. I knew you, and I know what's happened. Only just one word. I want Dorothy. Please fetch Dorothy."

"Yes, Johnny," spoken quite softly and composedly. "Yes, Johnny. I'm here."

It was a very difficult case. The first-rate city surgeon, whom, doubting my own skill, I fetched next day, could make nothing of it. There were no injuries, external or internal, that could be traced, except the broken arm; the young man lay complaining of nothing, perfectly conscious and rational, but his lower limbs apparently paralyzed.

We called in a third doctor; he, too, was puzzled; but he said he had known one such case, where, after a railway accident, a man had been brought home apparently uninjured, but having received some severe nervous shock, probably to the spine. He had been laid upon his bed, and there he lay yet, though it was years ago; suffering little, and with all his faculties clear, but totally helpless; obliged to be watched over and waited upon like an infant by his old wife.

"For he was an old man, and he had a wife, which was lucky for him," added Doctor A. "It's rather harder for that poor young fellow, who may have to lie as he does now for the rest of his days."

"Hush!" I said; for he was talking loud in the passage, and close behind us stood poor Dorothy. I hoped she had not heard, but the first sight of her face convinced me she had; only women have at times a self-control that is almost awful.

Whether it was that I was afraid to meet her I do not know, but I stepped quickly out of the house, and walked a mile or more to the railway station with my two friends. When I returned the first thing I saw was Dorothy waiting on the stair-head, with my housekeeper beside her. [illegible], I should observe, that good woman did not object nearly so much to a poor dying lad as to an evening party, and had taken quite kindly to Dorothy.

Yes, she had heard it all, poor girl, and I could not attempt to deceive her; indeed, I felt by instinct that she was a person who could not be deceived; to whom it was best to tell the whole truth, satisfied that she would bear it well. She did, wonderfully. Of course I tempered it with the faint consolation that doctors are sometimes mistaken, and that the young man had youth on his side; but there the truth was, blank and bare, nor did I pretend to hide it.

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Thank you for telling me all. My poor Johnny!"

I took her into the parlor and gave her a glass of wine.

"*I* don't need it, Sir; I'm used to sick-nursing. I nursed my sister till she died. We were dress-makers, and then Johnny got me as costume-maker to the circus. I can earn a good deal by my needle, Sir."

This seemed far away from the point, and so did her next remark:

"His father won't help him, Sir, you'll see, not a half-penny. He's got another—wife he calls her, and a lot of other children, and doesn't care two-pence for Johnny."

"Poor fellow!"

"He isn't a poor fellow," she answered, sharply, "he's a very clever fellow; can read, and write, and keep accounts; he was thinking of trying for a clerk's situation. With that, and my dress-making, we should have done very well if we had once been married."

I hardly knew what to answer. I felt so exceedingly sorry for the poor girl, and yet she did not seem to feel her affliction. There was a strange light in her eyes, and a glow on her poor plain face, very unlike one whose whole hopes in life had just been suddenly blasted.

"Doctor, may I speak to you, for I've nobody else, not a soul belonging to me but Johnny. Will you let him stop here for a week or two?"

"A month, if necessary."

"Thank you. He shall be no trouble to you. I'll take care of that. Only there's one thing to be done first. Doctor, I must marry Johnny."

She said it in such a matter-of-fact tone that at first I doubted if I had rightly heard.

"Marry him? Good Heavens! You don't mean—"

"Yes I do, Sir. Just that."

"Why, he will never be able to do a hand's turn of work for you—may never rise from his bed; will have to be tended like an infant for months, and may die after all."

"No matter, Sir. He'd rather die with me than with any body. Johnny loves me. I'll marry him."

There was a quiet determination about the woman which put all argument aside. And, Heaven forgive me! if it needs to be forgiven, I tried none. I am an old-fashioned fellow, who never was so happy as to have any woman loving me; but I have known enough of women to feel surprised at nothing they do of this sort. Besides, I thought, and think still, that Dorothy was right, and that she did no more than was perfectly natural under the circumstances.

"And now, Sir, how is it to be managed?"

Of course the sooner it was managed the better, and I found, on talking with her, that she had already arranged it all in her own mind. She was considerably relieved when I explained to her that they might be married by my friend the minister, to whom I would explain the matter, on Monday morning.

"That will do," she said. "And now I must go up stairs and speak to Johnny."

What she said to him, or how he received it, is impossible for me to relate. They told me nothing, and I did not inquire. It was not my business; indeed, it was nobody's business but their own.

Now though I may be a very foolish old fellow, romantic still, I am not such a fool as I appear. Though I did take these young people into my house, and was quite prepared to assist at their marriage, considering it the best thing possible for both under the circumstances, still I was not going to let them be married without having fully investigated their antecedents.

I went to the circus and there tried vainly to discover the Herr von-Stein, whose black-bearded head I was sure I saw slipping away out of the ring, where the "Highland Lassie," in a dirty cotton frock, and a dirtier face, was careering round and round on her beautiful horse, while in the centre, on the identical table of the night before—what an age it seemed ago!—a little fat man in shirt-sleeves and stocking soles was walking solitarily and solemnly upon bottles.

From him—Monsieur Ariel, who had been inquiring more than once at my house to-day, leaving his name as "Mr. Higgins"—I gained full confirmation of Dorothy Hall's story. She and John Stone were alike respectable and well-conducted young people, and evidently great favorites in the establishment. Then, and afterward, I also learned a few other facts, which people are slow to believe every where—namely, that it is quite possible for "play-actors," and even circus performers, to be very honest and decent folk; and then, in fact, it does not do to judge of any body by his calling, but solely by himself and his actions.

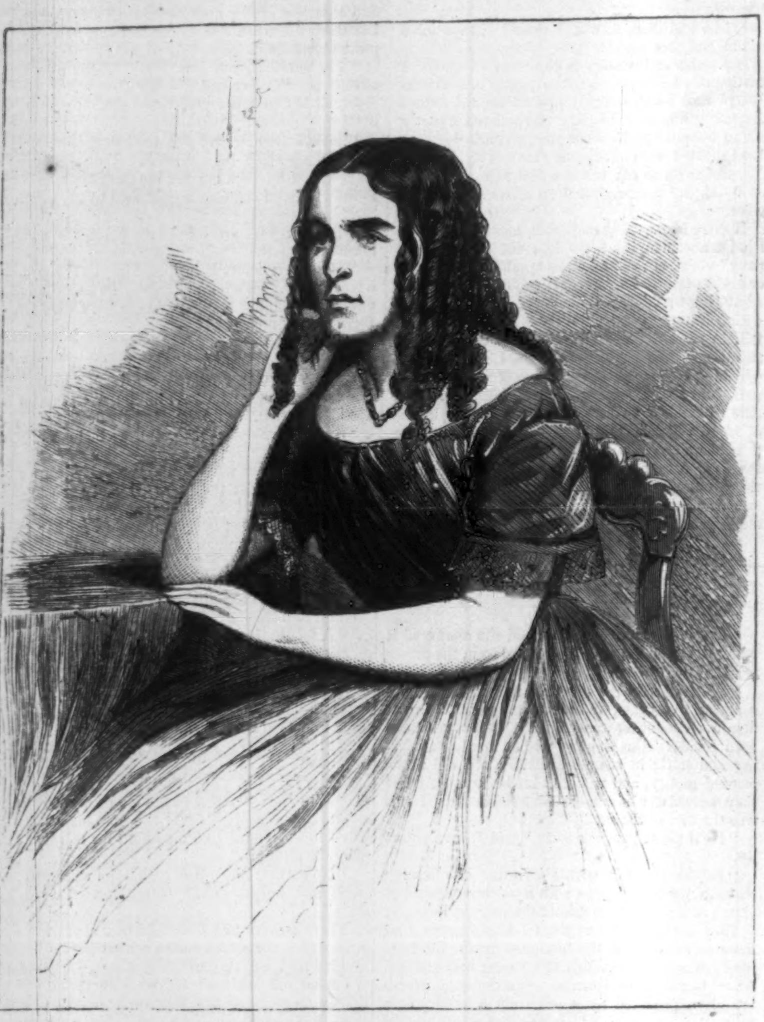
I hope, therefore, that I am passing no uncharitable judgment on the Herr von Stein, if I simply relate what occurred between us, without making any comment on his actions.

Finding he could not escape me, and that I sent message after message to him, he at last returned into the ring, and there—while the horses still went prancing round, the little girl continued her leaping, and we caught the occasional click-click of Monsieur Ariel practicing among his bottles—the father stood and heard what I had to tell him concerning his son.

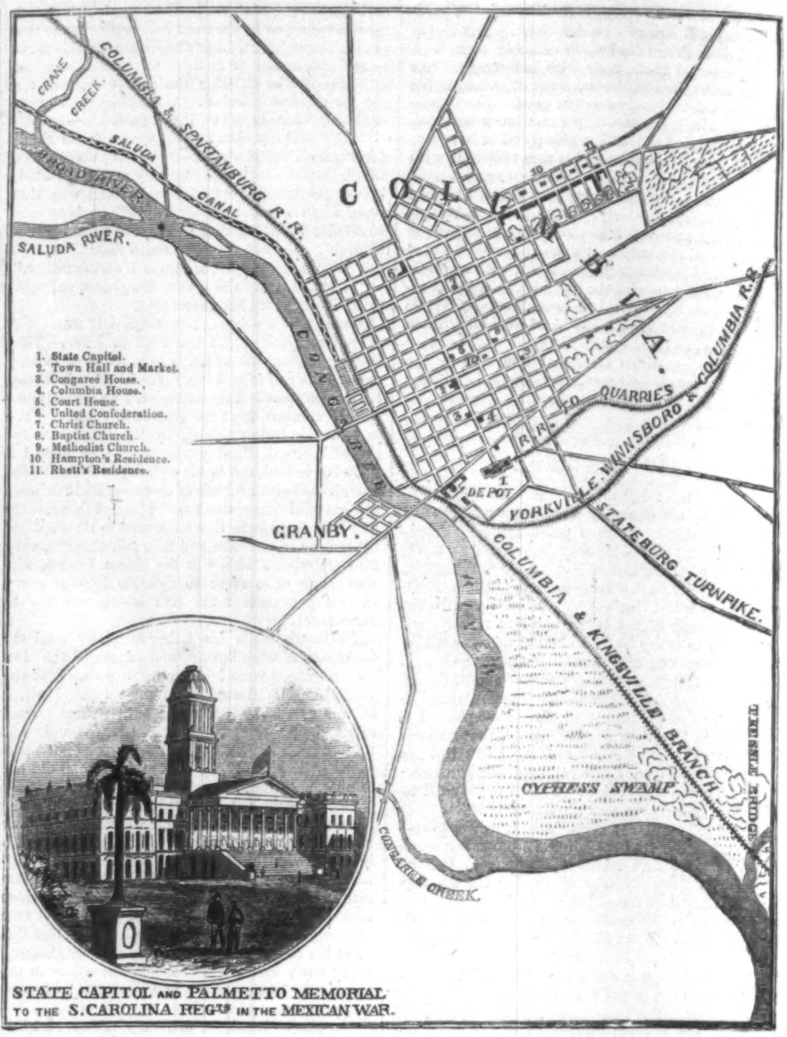
He was a father, and he seemed a good deal shocked for about three minutes. Then he revived.

"It's very unfortunate, doctor; especially so for me, with my large family. What am I to do with him? What," becoming more energetic, "what the devil am I to do with him?"

And—perhaps it was human nature, paternal nature, in its lowest form—when I told him that the only thing he had to do was to give his consent to



MISS MARY HARRIS.—[Photographed by J. B. Leisenring.]


CRANE CREEK.
COLUMBIA & SPARTANBURG R.R.
SALUDA CANAL
BROAD RIVER
SALUDA RIVER.
COLUMBIA.
CONGAREE
GRANBY.
DEPOT
R.R. TO QUARRIES
YORKVILLE, WINNSBORO & COLUMBIA R.R.
STATEBURG TURNPIKE.
COLUMBIA & KINGSVILLE BRANCH
TRESTLE BRIDGE
CYPRESS SWAMP
CONGAREE CREEK.
1. State Capitol.
2. Town Hall and Market.
3. Congaree House.
4. Columbia House.
5. Court House.
6. United Confederation.
7. Christ Church.
8. Baptist Church.
9. Methodist Church.
10. Hampton's Residence.
11. Rhett's Residence.
STATE CAPITOL AND PALMETTO MEMORIAL TO THE S. CAROLINA REGts IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

PLAN OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

his son's marriage with Dorothy Hall, he appeared first greatly astonished, and then as greatly relieved.

"My consent? Certainly. They're both five-and-twenty—old enough to know their own minds—and have been courting ever so long. She's an excellent young woman; can earn a good income too. Yes, Sir. Give them my cordial consent, and, in case it may be useful to them—this."

He fumbled in his pocket, took out an old purse, and counted out into my hand, with an air of great magnificence, three ten-dollar notes. Which was all that I or any body else ever saw of the money of the Herr von Stein.

When I gave them, with his message, to Dorothy, she crumpled them up in her fingers, with a curious sort of smile, but she never spoke one word.

Uncle Adam has been at many a marriage, showy and quiet, gay and grave, hearty and heartless, but he is ready to declare, solemnly, that he never saw one which touched him so much as that brief ceremony which took place at the bedside of John Stone, the trapeze performer. It did not occupy more than ten minutes, for in the bridegroom's sad condition the slightest agitation was to be avoided. My housekeeper and myself were the only witnesses, and the whole proceeding was made as matter-of-fact as possible.

The bride's wedding-dress was the shabby old black gown, which she had never taken off for three days and nights, during which she, my housekeeper, and I, had shared incessant watch together. Her face was very worn and weary, but her eyes were bright, and her voice steady. She never faltered once till the close of the short marriage ceremony, and the minister—himself not unmoved—had shaken hands with her and wished her every happiness.

"Is it all done?" said she, half bewildered.

"Ay, lassie," answered my old housekeeper, "ye're married, sure enough."

Dorothy knelt down, put her arms round Johnny's neck, and laid her head beside him on the pillow, sobbing a little, but softly even now.

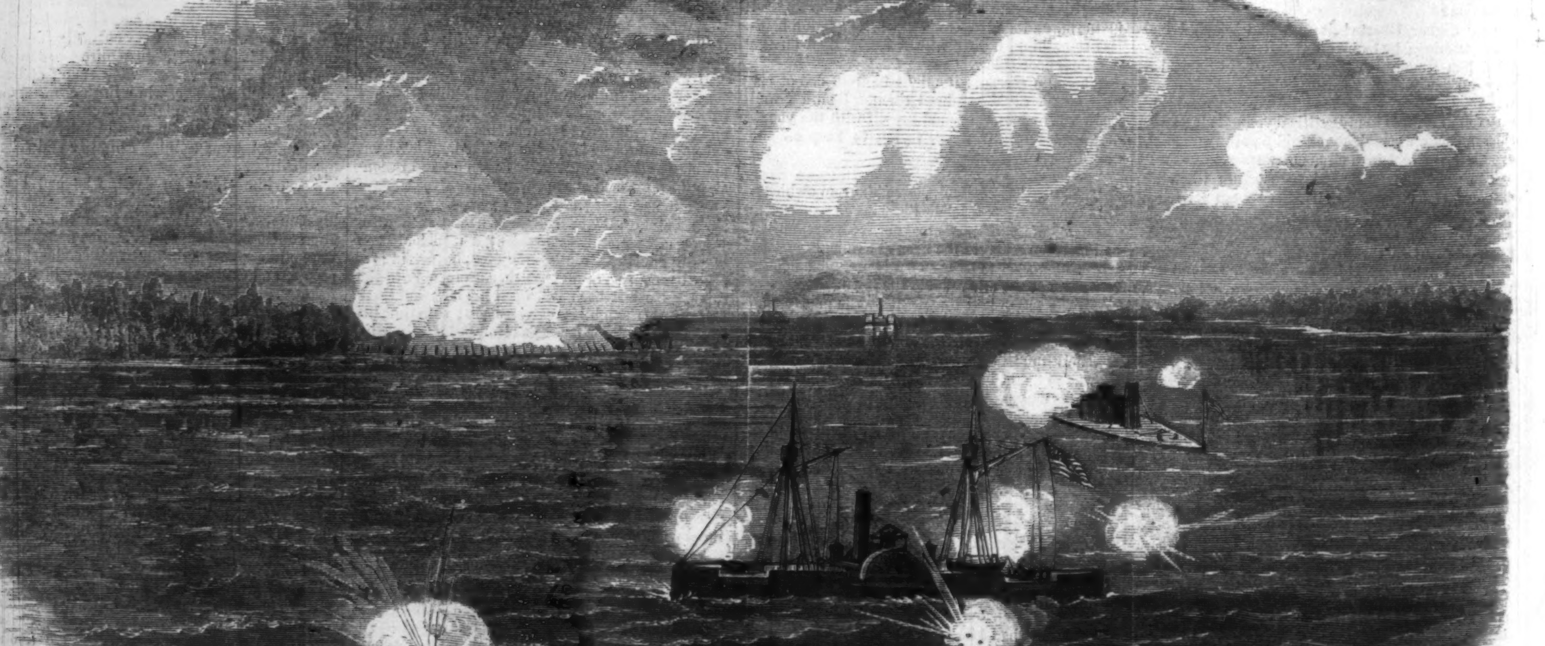
"Oh my dear, my dear! nothing can ever part us more."

Heroine or not, Dorothy prospered. And in process of time her love was rewarded even beyond her hopes. Her husband's mysterious affliction gradually amended. He began to use his feet, then his legs, and slowly recovered, in degree, the power of walking. Not that he ever became a robust man; the shock of his fall, acting on an exceedingly delicate and nervous frame, seemed to have affected all the springs of life; but he was no longer quite invalided and helpless, and by-and-by he began anxiously to seek for occupation. I hardly know which was the happiest, himself or Dorothy, when I succeeded in getting him employment as a writer's copying clerk, with as much work as filled up his time, and saved him from feeling, what he could not but feel—though I think he did not feel it very painfully, that his wife was the sole bread-winner.

When I go to see them now, in their cheery little home of two rooms, one devoted to dress-making, the other, half kitchen, half bedroom, in which John sits, I often think that among many fortunate people I have seen far less happy couples than John and Dorothy.

MISS MARY HARRIS.

On the 30th of January a clerk in the Finance Department at Washington, Mr. Andrew Jackson Burroughs, came to his death in a singularly tragical manner at the hands of Miss Mary Harris, a former lover. Mr. Burroughs occupied a desk in a room near the principal passage on the second floor of the Department. About midway in this passage there was a clock fixed, and at four o'clock P.M., a young lady who had been noticed sauntering about the hall during a good part of the day took her position in a doorway by the clock. It was the hour of closing business, and the passage was thronged with the retiring employés. She was waiting for Mr. Burroughs, and as the latter came from



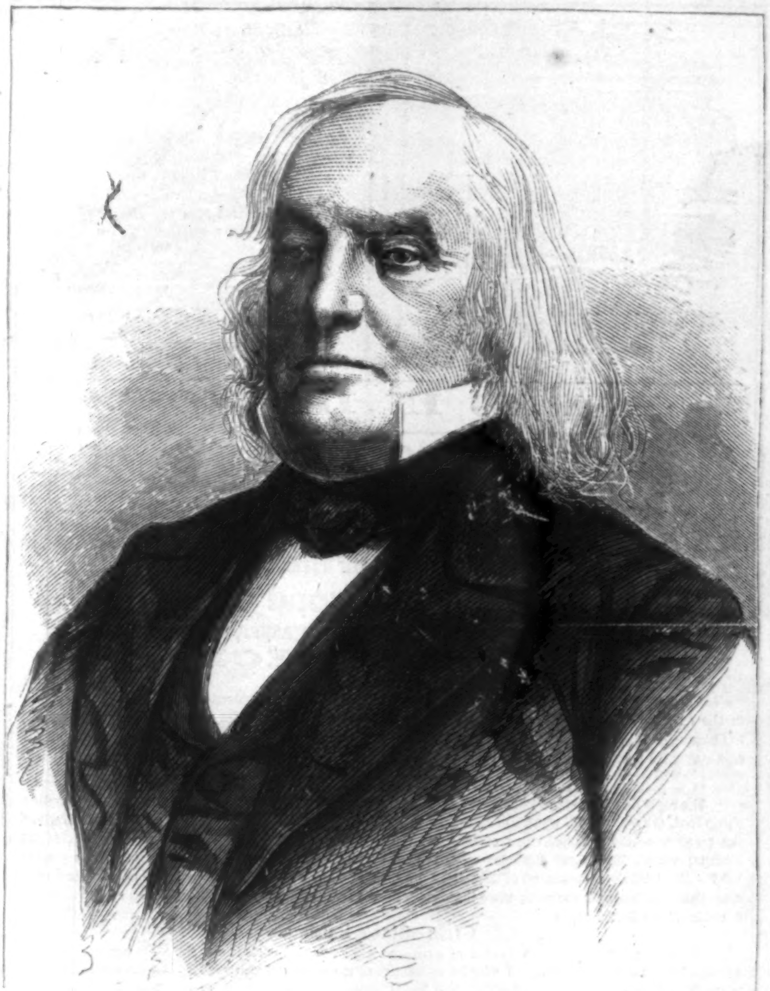
BOMBARDMENT OF FORT ANDERSON, February 11, 1865.—Sketched by T. L. Jeffers.—[See Page 133.]

his room and passed by where she stood she shot him dead.

The lady gave her name as MARY HARRIS. She had resided in Chicago. She seemed about twenty years of age, was quite pale and delicate in complexion, with dark hair and eyes and an aquiline nose. The reason which she gave for committing the crime was that BURROUGHS had violated his promise of marriage to her, and had married another lady. Except in the simple violation of his word it seems he had done her no harm. She had met BURROUGHS in Burlington, Iowa, where her parents resided. Her parents had objected to her receiving his addresses, he being fifteen years her senior. But an attachment grew up between them, and they appear to have kept up a pretty regular correspondence. Their affair was broken off by BURROUGHS's marriage to another lady. On the 5th of last July Miss HARRIS instituted against Mr. BURROUGHS an action for breach of promise of marriage. At the close of the year she went on to Washington to carry on the prosecution, and the sequel of the painful story is given in the tragic event which we have related.

HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

DANIEL STEVENS DICKINSON, besides holding various minor offices of public trust, has been Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, Presidential Elector at Large, United States Senator from that State from 1844 to 1851, and Attorney-General. Mr. DICKINSON was born at Goshen, Connecticut, in the year 1800. His father removed to the Chenango Valley, in Western New York, in 1806. He was brought up as a farmer's son and received only a common-school education. Gifted with a strong will, and an acute and quick intellect, he studied Latin without a master so as to be able to teach it himself. He also mastered and taught some of the higher mathematical studies, and among them the art of Surveying, which in early life he practiced extensively. He was for a number of years a teacher of common and higher schools—studied law, became a successful manager of justice cases, steadily rose in position and influence, and entered the higher sphere of political life by becoming State Senator in 1836. Mr. DICKINSON's political views are those of a patriotic and honest Christian man rather than of a partisan. He was an ardent Democrat from his youth up, but refused to act with that party when, in his opinion, it deserted its proper standard, taking then the position merely of an unconditional supporter of the Union and of the Administration, the success of which he believed indispensable to the success of the nation against the rebellion, and to the existence and prosperity of real American principles. Mr. DICKINSON is a strong and ready lawyer, an easy and forcible speaker; and what is far better, has an unspotted personal and political reputation. He is a believer in truth and justice and the real Democracy of our nation. He is still endowed with an almost youthful vigor, and we hope he may yet be spared to serve his country many years. Mr. DICKINSON has recently accepted the Presidency of an influential and enterprising new city Corporation—the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company.



HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

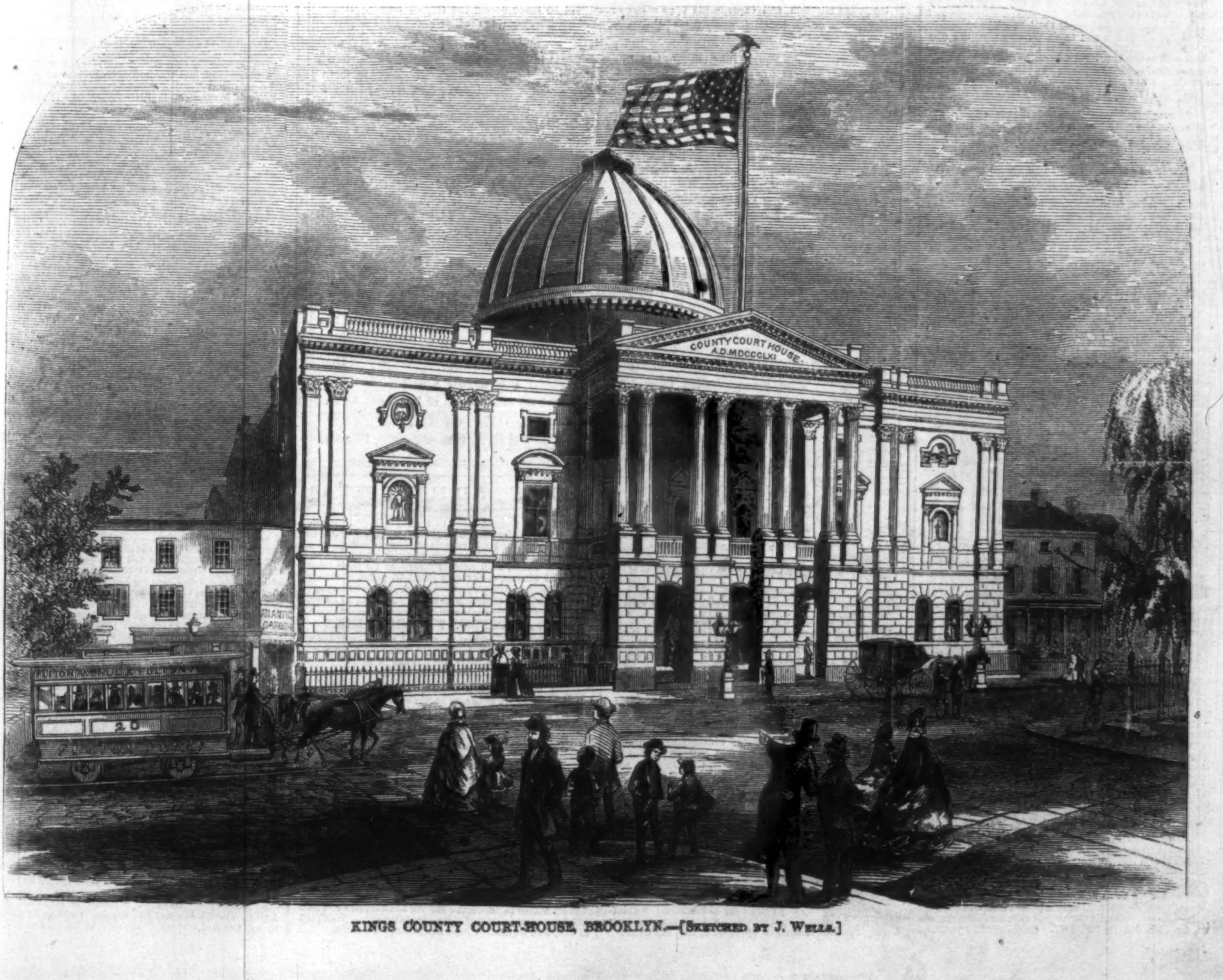
CAMP FORD, TEXAS.

CAMP FORD, the chief prisoners' camp of Texas, of which we give a sketch on page 132, lies on a sandy side-hill, three miles from the little town of Tyler, and one hundred miles west of Shreveport. A slight ravine bounds it on the southerly side, and in this rises a large spring of clear water not remarkable to Northern eyes, but far the best that any Yankee prisoner was ever refreshed with in Texas. Before the war the gay and festive youth of Tyler rode out to picnic at the spring; but now the trees around it have been cut away, its waters turned into a large long trough, and momentarily troubled by dirty panikins and buckets; while a hideous stockade fence cuts the spring in two and incloses many wretched home-sick hearts and weary broken forms. "The treatment of the prisoners," the subject of the day, has varied in a hundred ways. When a few officers were confined there, and the camp was commanded by Colonel Robert T. P. ALLEN, they were allowed to go out and play ball on parole, and the amiable wife of the Colonel daily visited their sick and brought them little luxuries of her own preparing. The authorities, however, reprimanded and then removed Colonel ALLEN for this, and under the rule of Lieutenant-Colonel BORDERS men were shot down without notice, and recaptured fugitives were put in irons. An officer, for the crime of escaping, was made to "mark time" on a stump, bareheaded, in the scorching sun for three days (his guard under orders to shoot him the moment he stopped); an unfortunate sailor, for taking the name and place of a dead soldier, was bound hand and foot and buried alive for forty-eight hours. Filth, disorder, want, and wretchedness were allowed to have their way.

The oldest prisoners in the Confederacy are in this camp. Their imprisonment is now measured by years. On 21st January, 1863, the officers and crew of the *Morning Light* were captured off Sabine, and they still remain prisoners of war. A fatality seems to have attended all the naval prisoners who have found their way to a Texan prison camp. Those of the *Clifton* and *Sachem*, captured at Sabine Pass, September 8, 1863, also share the same fate. Exchange after exchange of army prisoners takes place, but the boon never reaches these sailors. Soldiers have been taken from the same camp and sent back to our lines who have not been held as prisoners a month. Yet the gallant tars have shown a devotion to their flag unsurpassed, perhaps unequaled during the war. With the feeling that they have suffered gross injustice, with sense of neglect by their own Government, they have never deserted. There have been desertions to the enemy from this camp, but they have not been by sailors.

KINGS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.

We give on this page an exterior view of KINGS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, in the City of Brooklyn. This edifice is near the City Hall; it has been in the process of erection for the last four years, and is now completed. Mr. GAMALIEL KING is the architect. The Court-House, we understand, was thrown open to the public on the twenty-second of February.



KINGS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, BROOKLYN.—[SKETCHED BY J. WELLS.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1 00, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to Numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES WITH PENCILS.

For $1 00, the Magic Pen; for $1 25, the Lucky Pen; for $1 50, the Always-Ready Pen; for $2 00, the Elegant Pen; and for $2 25, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name, "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only;* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business Points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For $1 25 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 25 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 75 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50 a No. 6 Pen; $4 50 a No. 7 Pen; $5 75 a No. 8 Pen; $6 50 a No. 9 Pen; $7 50 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $2 00 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $4 50 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $5 75 a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK-HOLDERS.

For $2 75 a No. 4 Pen; for $3 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $4 00 a No. 6 Pen; for $5 75 a No. 7 Pen.
For $7 a No. 8 Pen; for $8 a No. 9 Pen; and for $9 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity, and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the Price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk, and to all who send twenty cents (charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guarantee their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

BABBITTONIAN PENS—Unsurpassed for beautiful writing. The EXTRA FINE PEN or BUSINESS PEN sent (post-paid) @ 50 cents for 36 pens, or $1.50 per gross. The celebrated self-teaching *Babbittonian Penmanship*, pronounced by the Press "the most beautiful and scientific of systems" (price $1.50), together with 72 pens, for **$2.** Splendid inducements to Agents and Teachers.
Address BABBITT & WILT, 37 Park Row, New York.

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PHILADELPHIA
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CONSOLIDATED
PETROLEUM
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OFFICE 71 BROADWAY. N.Y.

Capital Stock, $1,500,000, divided into 300,000 Shares, at par value of $5 per Share. Subscription price $1 per Share, without any farther call or assessment on the Shareholders. PRESIDENT, J. S. CLARK, New York.

Thirteen wells on Oil Creek, Cherry Run, Cherry Tree Run, Walnut Bend, Alleghany River, French Creek, Sugar Creek, Elk Creek, &c., embracing 26 different properties.

Property producing at present 25 barrels per day.

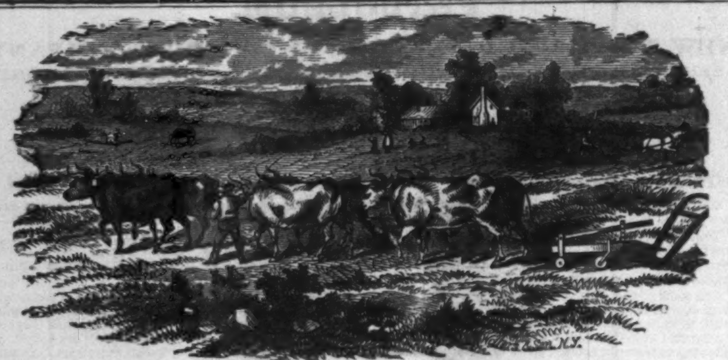
Ten new wells being bored down 300 to 400 feet, with splendid prospects.

Books will shortly close, as the stock is mostly taken. Prospectus, maps, and every information at WISHART & CO.'S PETROLEUM EXCHANGE, No. 71 Broadway, New York.

Weston's Metallic Artificial Legs.—Lightest, cheapest, most durable, and most natural ever invented. Price $75 to $100. Send for a pamphlet.
J. W. WESTON, 491 Broadway, N. Y.

"**How 'tis done.**" Whiskers in 6 w'ks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. 100 great secrets. Free for 25c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N.H.

DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS retains and cures more ruptures than any other. It gives perfect ease and comfort. Elastic stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 4 ANN STREET. Established 30 years.



FARMS IN ILLINOIS.

900,000 ACRES

OF THE

BEST FARMING LANDS,

FOR SALE BY THE

Illinois Central Railroad Company,

IN TRACTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS,

AT LOW PRICES.

The Illinois Central Railroad extends from Dunleith, in the north-western part of the State, to Cairo, in the extreme southern part, with a branch from Centralia, one hundred and thirteen miles north of Cairo, to Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan—altogether a length of 794 miles—and the land which is offered for sale is situated upon either side of the track, in no instance at a greater distance than fifteen miles.

Illinois.

The rapid development of Illinois, its steady increase in population and wealth, and its capacity to produce cheap food, are matters for wonder and admiration. The United States Commissioner of Agriculture estimates the amounts of the principal crops of 1864, for the whole country, as follows: Indian corn, 530,581,403 bushels; wheat, 160,695,823 bushels; oats, 176,690,064 bushels; of which the farms of Illinois yielded 138,356,135 bushels of Indian corn; 33,371,173 bushels of wheat; and 24,273,751 bushels of oats—in reality more than one-fourth of the corn, more than one-fifth of the wheat, and almost one-seventh of the oats produced in all the United States.

Grain—Stock Raising.

Pre-eminently the first in the list of grain-exporting States, Illinois is also the great cattle State of the Union. Its fertile prairies are well adapted by nature to the raising of cattle, sheep, horses and mules; and in the important interest of pork packing, it is far in advance of every other State. The seeding of these prairie lands to tame grasses for pasturage or hay, offers to farmers with capital the most profitable results. The hay crop of Illinois in 1864 is estimated at 2,166,725 tons, which is more than half a million tons larger than the crop of any other State, excepting only New York.

Cotton, Tobacco, Flax.

The cutivation of tobacco and cotton in southern Illinois has been largely stimulated by the high prices which have prevailed since the outbreak of the rebellion. The crop of tobacco in this State, for 1864, is set down at 18,867,722 lbs.; and while the returns from the cotton-growing counties are incomplete, they are yet sufficient to show a large increase in the product—the most careful calculation placing the increase at fifty per cent. Sorghum is now classed among the staples of Illinois. The making of sugar from the beet is receiving some attention, and experiments upon a large scale will be made during the coming season. Hemp and flax are grown in almost every part of the State, and of a quality equal to the best European.

Fruit.

Almost all the fruits of the temperate latitude are produced in Illinois. Peaches, pears, plums, strawberries, and every variety of garden vegetables, are produced in great abundance in the central and southern districts of the State, and are supplied to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, the excellent railway facilities insuring a quick market in all these places.

Inducements to Settlers.

The attention of persons, whose limited means forbid the purchase of a homestead in the older States, is particularly invited to these lands. Within ten years the Illinois Central Railroad Company has sold 1,400,000 acres, to more than 20,000 actual settlers: and during the last year 264,422 acres—a larger aggregate of sales than in any one year since the opening of the road. The farms are sold in tracts of forty or eighty acres, suited to the settler with limited capital, or in larger tracts, as may be required by the capitalist and stock raiser. The soil is of unsurpassed fertility; the climate is healthy; taxes are low; churches and schools are becoming abundant throughout the length and breadth of the State; and communication with all the great markets is made easy through railroads, canals and rivers.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The price of lands varies from $9 to $15 and upwards per acre, and they are sold on short credit, or for cash. A deduction of *ten per cent.* from the credit price is made to those who purchase for cash.

EXAMPLE:

Forty acres at $10 per acre, on short credit; the principal one-quarter cash down—balance one, two and three years, at six per cent. interest, in advance, each year.

	INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.
Cash Payment	$18 00	$100 00
Payment in one year	12 00	100 00
Payment in two years	$6 00	100 00
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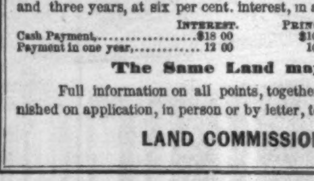

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Would you then save *Time* and *Money*?
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Well—the Talisman is *simple:*
Use MY beverage divine!—
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ORGANIZED UNDER THE MINING AND MANUFACTURING LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL $1,000,000, IN 100,000 SHARES,
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OFFICERS.—Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, President; Wm. T. Phipps, Vice-President; Robert Bassett, Secretary; H. J. Burtis, Mining Superintendent, Titusville, Pa.; Atlantic Bank, 142 Broadway, N. Y., Treasury.

TRUSTEES.—Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Binghamton, N. Y.; J. H. Angier (of Brewer, Watson, & Co.), Titusville, Pa.; L. W. Myers, Titusville, Pa.; W. McK. Chapman, New York City; Wm. T. Phipps, New York City; Wm. F. Newton, Titusville, Pa.; W. M. Jennings, Titusville, Pa; James H. Barclay, New York City; Wm. H. Hallock, New York City.

The wells of the Company are now producing oil. Prospectus sent to any address on application. Payment for stock may be made in drafts, registered notes, or Government bonds and securities, which bonds and securities will be taken at their market value. Remittances may be addressed to the Company, P. O. Box 5,368, New York City, or to "Atlantic Bank, Treasury of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, 142 Broadway, New York City." The following paragraphs contain a full and clear account of the operations of this most successful Petroleum Company:

1. OPERATIONS AND SITUATION OF THE COMPANY.

The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company commenced its active operations about the beginning of November, 1864. One chief principle upon which its managers proceeded has been to carefully avoid serving the interests of any individual who might have lands or other oil property to sell, at the expense of the stockholders. On the other hand, they have uniformly considered the best interests of the stockholders as the only rule for conducting the concerns of the Company, and have acted in good faith upon this rule.

The inducements offered in the original prospectuses and advertisements of the Company, and the high and unspotted character of the gentlemen influential in its affairs and in its board of officers, rapidly supplied it with the funds necessary for a working capital; and with one hundred thousand dollars in its treasury, competent agents were sent out in the beginning of the present year, who passed a considerable time in the oil regions in selecting from the numerous oil lands and interests offered to the Company, such as would afford the soundest and safest sites for its mining works. This was successfully accomplished, and the Company now owns interests in lands and other properties, conveyed to it in fee by undisputed and certain titles, and paid for, to an extent which constitutes an abundant real estate basis for its actual operations in mining and selling Petroleum. A detailed description of these pieces of property is given further on.

A corporation like the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company needs, in order to attract and justify the confidence of the public, managers of proper character, sufficient capital, a practical working organization, sound business rules, and, lastly, the actual success which those preliminaries are sure to bring. In all these particulars it is believed that the Company stands in a remarkably high position. A few words will not be out of place on some of these heads.

Managers.—Daniel S. Dickinson, its President, owes his high standing before the people of the United States even more to his firm and uncompromising honesty than to his remarkable ability as a leading lawyer, a brilliant speaker, and a wise and safe statesman.

The remaining executive officers of the Company are gentlemen of experience and good repute in the business world.

The Board of Trustees includes not merely these gentlemen and others of good character and standing, but several whose circumstances constitute a special and peculiar guarantee for careful and judicious management. Such, for instance, are—J. H. Angier, Esq., who is a member of the very rich and strong firm of Brewer, Watson, & Co.; L. W. Myers, Esq., one of the most prominent oil shippers of the petroleum mart of Titusville, and a gentleman of recognized ability and means; Dr. W. M. Jennings, of Titusville, whose shrewdness and success as a business man have already secured him a considerable fortune; Wm. F. Newton, Esq., a well known and cautious oil operator, and others. The gentlemen just specified live in the oil region, where the interests of the Company are situated, and in their immediate neighborhood. Their own means have been to a great extent acquired in the oil business. They understand the general principles of business, and the special characteristics of the oil business in particular. And they own stock in this Company, which stock they hold for the sake of the dividends which they believe it will hereafter yield. These circumstances together give as much certainty as human affairs permit that the transactions of the Company will be carefully watched, conducted in the best manner, and with that kind of economy which only an owner's eye can enforce.

Capital.—The capital of the Company already actually paid in is ample to carry its mining concerns into full operation, having, as has been stated, reached $100,000 within the first two months of its existence, and being steadily on the increase by sales of stock, now constantly made at the par value of $10 per share.

Working Organization.—For the practical nature of the working organization of the Company, the character of those who have thus far formed and conducted it must, for the present, be its guarantee. But it may be mentioned that the Company's Mining Superintendent, Mr. H. J. Burtis, is a practical mining engineer of large experience, decided skill, and high local reputation. Indeed, his employment as mining superintendent was instantly recognized in the oil regions in the vicinity of the Company's lands as a material enhancement of the value of the stock, and a proof of the sagacity of its management.

Business Rules.—The principle of operating for the interests of the stockholders is obvious enough, of course. But the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company exemplifies this plan in a manner which is believed worthy of stating particularly. This is the rule of *scattering stock*. It is a fixed principle of this company to seek to place its shares rather in the hands of many small holders than a few large ones. It thus avoids the danger of falling helplessly within the control of any one or two rich men, who might then proceed to make the Company a mere speculating machine for their private gain, and might sell it out bodily, or ruin it, whenever they might choose. The managers of the Company have, in fact, once or twice already actually declined large offers made to them for buying their stock in great quantities from an apprehension of the probability of such consequences. It has also adopted another beneficial rule, namely, not to hold any property or interest whatever which is not under its own exclusive control and management. This avoids depending (for instance) for the oil from a well on the good faith and skill of other parties operating it.

2. DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE COMPANY.

Very many parcels of oil property of different kinds have already been pressed upon the Company by numerous parties, of which, however, some were conditionally accepted only, and others were withdrawn from its control by their holders, in consequence of changes in the crowded and excited oil land market. In the exercise of their best judgment, accordingly, and with due regard to the constant fluctuations of that market, as well as to the profit of their stockholders, the managers of the Company, after considering and often controlling many different parcels of land and oil interests, have in the actual result preferred to obtain a moderate amount of accessible property of assured worth, rather than to grasp at unknown lands, possibly of fictitious value, and thus to become involved in transactions speculative rather than sound, and likely to lead to endless embarrassments.

The present possessions of the Company, selected as above, and considered choice pieces of property, such as to insure prompt and considerable dividends, are as follows:

1. One half the working interest in the Borough Well, on a leasehold estate of an acre and a half, on Meeting-House Run, and within the borough of Titusville, and the same interest in the land of the estate, and in any other wells sunk on the same. This well is now pumping from six to ten barrels a day, with an increasing yield. The oil from this locality being near the Oil Creek Railroad dépôt, sells at a much higher rate than at points where more hauling is necessary.

2. The whole working interest, being three-fourths of all the oil, in a leasehold estate of one acre, known as the Kelly lease, in the immediate neighborhood of the above, on Meeting-House Run, on which estate the Company has already begun to bore a well.

3. The working interest, being one-eighth of the yield, in the Morrison Well, situated on the Foster Farm, on Oil Creek, close to the well-known Sherman and Noble wells. This well was some time ago yielding forty barrels a day, when the flow was stopped by a deposit of paraffine in the small pipe, and afterward by breakage of machinery. New and improved machinery is in process of adjustment, and a yield of at least eighty barrels a day is confidently expected at once.

4. The like interest in the Aikin Well, which is so near the Morrison as to be operated by the same machinery. This well is not so advanced as the Morrison well, and has not yet been tested, but affords all the indications of a good yield of oil.

5. The Parker Farm Lease, of the working interest, being three quarters of all the oil produced in two acres of the Parker Farm, within the borough of Titusville. This tract lies immediately on Oil Creek, and is all excellent boring land. One well on this lease, now down 266 feet, shows so much oil that it is to be pumped at once. In the immediate neighborhood are the celebrated Continental Well, long yielding from eighty to one hundred barrels a day, and now giving seventy barrels; the Hays Well, which has been steadily yielding oil for two years; and the Burtis, Firth, Stewart, and Palmer Wells, all steadily producing. Half a mile below is the Drake Well, the first one drilled in the oil region. This property, in the heart of the most productive part of the oil country, only half a mile from the Titusville dépôt, on the Oil Creek Railroad, is extremely valuable.

6. The Hart Farm. This is an estate, in fee simple, of eighty-eight acres, on Cherry Run. It is two miles from the celebrated Noble Well, and two and a half or three miles in the same direct line from the Egbert Farm, on which are the celebrated 600-barrel Coquet Well, the 400-barrel Jersey Well, and the 300-barrel Maple Shade Well. It is about two miles from the United States Company's new 300-barrel well. This land is in the centre of the Venango oil region; it is all oil land, having largely-producing wells on every side; and it affords ample space for sinking two hundred or more wells. Like other portions of the Company's property, the Hart Farm might easily be leased, and would bring $1000 an acre, besides half the oil, free from any working expense.

7. The "Whitney Farm," a fee simple estate of 200 acres, together with an "allowance" of from 15 to 20 acres more, with a large frontage on Oil Creek, above Titusville, which is admitted by the experts in the oil business to be exceedingly desirable oil property, and which has been secured to the Company on very advantageous terms. There is a good house and barn on this land, and it is worth all that it has cost for agricultural purposes merely.

8. That thoroughly well-equipped and complete Petroleum Refinery in the centre of the borough of Titusville, immediately adjoining the terminus, and fronting the dépôt, of the Oil Creek Railroad, now known as the New York and Liverpool Refinery, formerly the Mowbray Refinery. This estate consists of about five and a half acres of land—all good oil territory—and twenty-eight buildings. It includes a dwelling-house, with twenty-four rooms, garden, barn, ice-house, stabling, &c.; an efficient and valuable water-power equal to eighteen horse-power, which saves the whole expense of a steam engine for running the works of the refinery, and which may be easily used for drilling wells any where on the estate; operating rooms, tanks, stills, pipes, and other utensils, fixtures, &c., necessary to constitute a full suit of first-class, efficient, labor-saving, safe, and economical refining works; a coopering and barrel-making establishment, machine-shop, blacksmith's shop, &c., &c. These works are competent to turn out two hundred barrels a week of refined oil. The works have been run for four years without accident, and their product has already an established reputation in the oil market. Reliable estimates show that at 186 barrels of refined oil a week, the net profit of running the works would be over $420 a week. Upon the land attached to this estate there is abundant space for sinking twenty-five wells, which, by shafting from the water-power, can be done with a saving of the heaviest items of the whole, viz., steam engines, fuel, and engineer's wages. Pipe for one well has in fact already been driven down 60 feet; the derrick, shafting, &c., are all ready, and the work is to be prosecuted at once.

Negotiations are also now in progress for a valuable tract of first-class oil land on Pit-Hole Creek, near the great United States Well, now flowing from 200 to 300 barrels a day. This is all oil land, fronting on the creek, having ample room for a hundred wells, and can readily be leased at from $1000 to $2000 an acre, besides half .... oil.

3. PURPOSES AND PROSPECTS OF THE COMPANY.

The Company will, if expedient, from time to time, purchase other lands and interests, but will only do so for the sake of the *bona fide* acquisition of real values, and with the express purpose of promoting its own proper business success.

In like manner, although the terms of the charter of the Company authorize it to prosecute other kinds of mining, it entertains no purpose of doing so, preferring to confine itself to the suitable development of its legitimate undertakings already commenced, whose present condition authorizes the expectation of profit enough to satisfy any reasonable desires. One of the Company's wells is already yielding oil; another will do so as soon as the machinery, which is only out of order, can be adjusted; another is to be pumped at once, as soon as the tubes can be put down; another gives every indication of producing oil, and two more are forthwith to be bored on very promising territory. Further, as *all* the capital of the Company is *working* capital, wells will continue to be sunk to any extent which the results shall justify, until the Company's lands shall be fully developed. The Company's refinery, which is beyond all comparison the largest and best in Titusville, is alone competent to return a revenue of some $20,000 a year, and this could be doubled by the expenditure of $10,000. The Company could even make large earnings, if it chose, upon its real estate, without itself operating wells at all.

Considering, then, the gigantic extent of this wonderful new field for business; the certainty of large gains in it by judicious enterprise; the abilities, advantages, and reputation of the gentlemen concerned in this Company, and the positive and solid business success of its operations up to this point, it is believed that no investment is at this day open to the public at once so safe and so lucrative.

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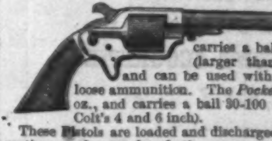

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